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Mrs. H. E. Ewing.

AUNT PEGGY:

BEING

A MEMOIR

OF

Mrs. Margaret Davidson Ewing,

WIFE OF THE LATE REV. FINIS EWING.

BY ONE OF HER SONS.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:

Cumberland Presbyterian Board of Publication,

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

"AUNT PEGGY" is the title of this very interesting volume, the second in the "BRIGHT PAGE LIBRARY" of Sunday-school books, which the Cumberland Presbyterian Board of Publication is now issuing from the press.

W. E. DUNAWAY,

Publishing Agent.

Nashville, Tenn., 1873.

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PREFACE.

THIS little book will partake more of the character of memoir than of biography, and will be largely deficient in both.

There was nothing in the unpretending career of Mrs. Ewing to afford very abundant material for biography. Her life and labors were so interwoven with the events of the early history of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church that it was found impossible to separ-

ate them, and the author has availed himself of the latitude thus afforded to incorporate in the work many matters that may not, at first glance, seem germane to the main object. A sketch of the men who became the first and leading preachers of the Church in Missouri could not be omitted without leaving many large blanks in the picture the author has attempted to draw.

As there was no thought by Mrs. Ewing in her life-time, or by any of her family, that a biography would be attempted, there was no effort made to collect and preserve the material for such a work; consequently the writer was compelled to confine himself to his own personal recollections of the

deceased, and these do not extend over a long and eventful period of her life.

Justice to the subject and to the author both require the statement of another fact: that book-making has never been the business of the writer—his pursuits in life have not tended to qualify him for literary labor, and especially that of writing for the press.

If, however, one single person, by this unpretending volume, shall be brought to think better of the Christian religion on account of its development in the life of Mrs. Ewing, then the author will be fully compensated for the work he has done.

It may be proper to add farther, that this manuscript was written in the midst of exacting and laborious official duties.

THE AUTHOR.



AUNT PEGGY.

CHAPTER I.



THE subject of this brief little notice was born in the State of North Carolina, January 23, 1774. She was the youngest daughter, and the youngest member of the family, except one.

The names persons receive at their baptism are very often lost sight of, and others, bearing no relation to the originals, substituted in their places. Margaret is an ancient name, and is derived from a Greek word signifying a pearl.

One can very well imagine how such a name should be first introduced. A fond mother, contemplating the budding beauties and unfolding loveliness of a first-born daughter, would very naturally esteem the child a pearl of rare value, and, accordingly, so name her. It is also common for names to be abbreviated in early childhood, especially if it can be done so as to make a pet name, and thus carry with it an expression of greater endearment. But how Margaret ever became "Peggy" is more than I can now explain. It may suffice upon this point to say that Mrs. Ewing was called Peggy in early life, and in her old age was universally called "Aunt Peggy." Hence the title of this little book. I have chosen, therefore, to preserve the name by which she was known

best among all those who loved her most and esteemed her highest.

So little is known of the early life of Mrs. Ewing, that we will not attempt to say any thing about it, farther than to remark that her earliest recollections were of the terrible war that ravaged the portion of the country in which her family resided, and of the part her father took in that struggle on the side of the colonies. She remembered distinctly the sad day on which was brought the tidings of his death: It will appear in the course of this narrative, as a singular coincidence, that she should have lived through all the great wars that have afflicted this country, including the terrible civil strife that desolated the State and county where she resided; and in every instance the war was

brought home to her by the active participation therein of some member of her family. The fact has no significance, farther than its being a remarkable thing in the history of one life, especially when nearly a century of time was comprehended within that period.

All that is known of her early life—her marriage, and conversion to Christ, and connection with the Church—is to be found in Dr. Cossitt's "Life and Times of Rev. Finis Ewing;" and, as that part of Mrs. Ewing's history is so much better stated by this author than I could do it, I propose to make liberal extracts from the work referred to. I therefore commence with the following:

"On the 15th day of January, 1793, Finis Ewing was united in matrimony with Peggy, daughter of Gen. William

Davidson, formerly of North Carolina, deceased. In honor of this patriot of the American revolution, and in memory of his gallant services and lamented death during the darkest period of that eventful contest, the county first organized in the Cumberland country received the name of Davidson. Nashville, its seat of justice, afterward became, and continues to be, the capital of the State of Tennessee. The widow and family of the deceased general had removed from North Carolina and settled in this vicinity. The husband and father had distinguished himself in his native State among the earliest opposers of British oppression, had served his country in various ways during her struggle for liberty, and was killed in battle, on the Catawba River, while opposing the ad-

vance of the British army under Lord Cornwallis.

“The death of Gen. Davidson was universally lamented, especially in North Carolina, where his public and private virtues were so well known and highly appreciated. This action, and the loss of the brave general, was not without its value to the cause of American freedom: the army under Cornwallis was thereby held in sufficient check to enable Morgan, with his whole force, to retire untouched to Salisbury. To avoid a general action, and at the same time to annoy and weaken the enemy as much as possible, was the present policy of the Americans.

“Davidson was a Christian as well as a patriot. His name is enrolled on the list of martyrs to American liberty, and

patriotism awards to his memory the tribute of tears of gratitude. The Continental Congress passed an order for the erection of a monument to the memory of this brave and good man; but owing to the embarrassment of the national finances, the order was not carried into effect at the time, and it was neglected until the Hon. Mr. Graham, late Secretary of the Navy, and candidate for Vice-President (a connection of Gen. Davidson), became a member of the United States Senate from North Carolina. Through the influence of this gentleman the order was revived, and the original appropriation renewed for the erection of the monument.

“At the time of their marriage, Mr. Ewing was in his twenty-first year, and Miss Davidson in her nineteenth year.

This young lady was distinguished among her acquaintances for her beauty of person, strength of intellect, and amiability of character. This is according to the recollection of several persons now living; and the impression of her virtues is so strong on the minds of some that they become animated and eloquent in their description. Rev. Samuel McSpadden distinctly remembers her, and unites in the general voice of commendation. He speaks of the good opinion entertained of her by the Rev. Dr. Brooks, though he was never married, and was no great admirer of the sex generally.

“This union was approved by the families on both sides, and acquaintances generally augured a bright future for the wedded pair.

“At the time of their marriage, neither

Mr. Ewing nor his wife knew any thing of experimental religion. Both were doubtless amiable, strictly moral, and inclined to be religious in their way; but having never heard any thing from their spiritual guides on the subject of an experience of grace, they knew not that a change of heart was necessary to salvation. They had long attended on the ministry of Dr. Craighead, and had frequently listened to the sermons of other Presbyterian ministers, but never heard the doctrine of regeneration inculcated or explained.

“The truth is, that the Presbyterian Church, at the time and in that region, is acknowledged to have been in a lamentably lukewarm and almost lifeless state: its ministers were formal and cold; and but few of its members, as it afterward

became manifest, knew any thing of experimental religion. Much was heard from the pulpit about the 'elect of God,' but little or nothing about 'born of the Spirit.' With regard to the character of Presbyterian preaching in the country, at the time, the report is almost universal that its tendency was to a dry, speculative orthodoxy, leaving the heart without interest and the conscience without alarm.

"Ewing and his wife were now the united head of a family. They esteemed it their duty to make the God of their fathers their trust and portion, to honor him in all things, and to walk in the way of righteousness. Uninformed as they were with regard to the essentials of Christian character, they seem to have been desirous of doing their duty, so far

as it had been made known to them. They had certain ideas of their responsibility to their Heavenly Father, their duty to domestics, and the importance of ordering their household in a manner well-pleasing in the sight of God.

“They seem to have looked upon the preaching of the word and the privileges of the Church as means of grace, which, in some indefinable way, were to work for their benefit, prepare them for the wiser discharge of duty, and secure the favor of God. Therefore, without any suspicion of their natural depravity or the necessity of regeneration, without any conception of the grace of God as it is offered in the gospel, farther than certain confused notions of foreördination and election which they had learned from their

spiritual teachers, they concluded to join the Church. They were led to believe themselves entitled to this privilege.

“They were the children of Presbyterian parents; and their prepossessions were altogether in favor of that Church. Accordingly they applied and were received without farther ceremony as regular members of Dr. Craighead’s Church. Here they dedicated their first-born in the ordinance of baptism.”

By way of farther illustrating the character of Presbyterian preaching and the general religious teachings of that denomination at the time referred to, I quote farther from Dr. Cossitt the testimony of the Rev. Samuel McSpadden, as follows:

“I sat under Dr. Craighead’s preach-

ing for fourteen or fifteen years, and never heard him advance any thing in favor of the new birth, evangelical repentance, or saving faith, though his character for orthodoxy at the time, and for many years afterward, was undoubted. His sermons appeared not to have the slightest tendency to alarm the conscience of his hearers, or to render them dissatisfied with themselves. On the contrary, his preaching seemed calculated to quiet the fears of the people, and to keep them from being disturbed about their soul's salvation."

And such is the general testimony, not only as to this preacher, but nearly all others of that denomination during the period referred to.

"We have seen that Mr. Ewing and

his wife had joined Dr. Craighead's Church, maintaining an upright and exemplary deportment. They were anxious to do their duty so far as they understood it. The work of the Spirit was wholly unknown to them. They had received from their spiritual guides certain indefinable notions of predestination, election, and effectual calling.

“Nothing, however, had been inculcated on the doctrine of faith beyond a mere belief that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. This they had been taught by their parents from their earliest years; this they never doubted; and now, as members of the Church, as parents, expecting to dedicate their children in baptism, and especially as persons giving diligence to make their calling and election sure, it is not sur-

prising that they embraced this sentiment as the foundation of their hopes. Thus they continued satisfied with their condition, except as an occasional difficulty or passing doubt was suggested from reading the Scriptures, until their removal from Tennessee to Kentucky.

“They settled in Logan county, near the town of Russellville, and near to the Red River Meeting-house. The congregation which worshiped at this church was under the pastoral care of Rev. James McGready, and afterward became famous as the initial point of the great revival of 1800.”

Mr. McGready was one of the most remarkable men of his day. As the original and most efficient promoter of that great religious awakening above mentioned, he will always occupy a

conspicuous place in the religious history of that period. His biography has been written, and sketches of his life by different authors have frequently appeared in the religious literature of this country. It will, therefore, suffice to say but a single word about him in this connection.

Mr. McGready's great forte and special mission seemed to be to unsettle the foundations of those who had built upon the sand, to disturb the peace of those who had no adequate grounds for their security, to awaken those who were dead in trespasses and in sins, to arouse to a sense of their danger those who were sleeping on the very verge of ruin, and to point out with inimitable precision and directness the way of escape. The testimony is also that he

was a very earnest man, that he had great faith in the promises of the gospel, and could successfully infuse that spirit into the minds of his Church; that under his tremendous preaching the leaden dullness and the icy coldness, that lay as a fatal incubus upon the spiritual life of the Church, was broken up, and a new era in the history of Christianity on this continent was inaugurated through the revival of 1800.

The results to the general Church of Christ in this country, and to the good of mankind generally, that legitimately follow from that great religious awakening, cannot be comprehended by finite minds, and will only be known fully in the last great day.

In illustration of the character of this

truly great man, I quote from Dr. Cositt:

“From the testimony of thousands, it would appear that few men of any age have excelled him in power of description, whether his theme was the joys of the righteous or the torments of the wicked. Rev. Wm. Barnett says he would so describe heaven that you could almost see its glories, and long to be there; and he would so array hell and its horrors before the wicked that they would tremble and quake, imagining a lake of fire and brimstone yawning to overwhelm them, and the wrath of God thrusting them down the horrible abyss. His genius, however, was better suited to the sublime than the beautiful, to the dreadful than the enrapturing. His method was heart-searching

and soul-stirring, powerful to detect the hypocrite and alarm the formalist, to sweep away sandy foundations, to cause men to build anew on the rock Christ Jesus.

“The sermons of Mr. McGready soon awakened in the minds of both Mr. Ewing and his wife new thoughts and anxieties with regard to their spiritual condition. They heard nothing to which their minds could remain indifferent, or over which their consciences could slumber. The whole system of religion seemed to be presented to their view in an unusual form and invested with a different character; but whether their past or their present instructions were the more scriptural and worthy of their regard, was a question they were not prepared to decide. It was an absorbing

question, however, which occupied their thoughts and investigations during their waking hours. The soul's concerns and the mind's exercises were not with them, as with too many professors of religion at that time, prohibited subjects. They had been taught that saving faith consisted in the belief that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; but their present pastor made a clear distinction 'between a mere historical and a true saving faith.' When doctors differ, what shall the learners do? The subject appeared intricate and full of mystery: it conflicted with all their previous instructions and settled opinions; and to their grief and consternation, it struck at the very foundation of their hopes. Knowing that God desired 'truth in the inward parts,' and praying that he might

‘make them to know wisdom,’ long and carefully did they investigate this subject.

“But this state of things did not last long. After a few days, as Mr. Ewing was returning from the grove where he had been praying for the conversion of one so dear to his affections as his wife, she met him, her countenance beaming with joy and her heart glowing with love to God. She, too, had found a kneeling place, where her Saviour had deigned to meet her and speak pardon and peace to her soul. Now the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, had come to that house; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, was to keep those hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.”

CHAPTER II.



DURING the period commencing with the time of Mr. Ewing's entering the ministry, down to the removal of the family from Kentucky to Missouri, but little is known of the personal history of Mrs. Ewing. Her life was so much a part and parcel of that of her husband during the eventful years referred to, that we could say but little of the wife that did not embrace the history of the husband. It covered the period that formed the crisis in the life of Mr. Ewing, and the subsequent years of unabated toil, and care, and anxiety for the little organization

that had been set up, having for its foundations (as they supposed) the eternal truths of the gospel, and for its hopes the promises extended only to those who are faithful to the end. Whether should it live to bless the world, or die with odium upon its authors, was the solemn and weighty question for years together. How deeply this matter affected the subject of this notice can never be fully known.

In consequence of the position of her husband, how her life became one of toil, care, and anxiety, can be very easily seen. How well she acted her part in this trying period can only be conjectured from her subsequent history. But as the years advanced, the little Church grew apace, the hopes of its founders increased, and the load

began to lift from their shoulders to a degree. A large family of children came to the household; and in the midst of all the cares that appertained to their situation, we introduce another extract from Dr. Cossitt upon the domestic relations of this family :

“ Mrs. Ewing was a woman of sound judgment, general intelligence, and ardent piety. Her fondness for reading, for cultivated society, and the ever-instructive conversation of her husband had stored her mind with an amount of useful information which few of her age and sex around her had the good fortune to acquire. In the absence of her husband, her time was divided between domestic cares and religious reading. Her skill in farming, managing servants, and arranging her household concerns,

accomplished her as the help-meet of a man whose whole time was devoted to the service of God and the Church ; and when her husband could come home for a day or a night, whether he came alone or brought little or much company with him (as frequently happened), her joyful recognition, cordial welcome, and affable manners, added a peculiar charm to the hospitality which she delighted to afford. She was never unprepared, never taken by surprise, but always ready, and rejoiced to entertain the servants and followers of the Lord. In short, Mrs. Ewing had a true woman's tact always to please her husband, excite the admiration of his friends, and make every one comfortable and happy around her. As if by intuition, she anticipated and provided for the wants

of all who favored her with their company.

“The husband and wife were always communicative, always free in the interchange of their thoughts with each other; whatever interested the one could be no secret to the other. The husband was accustomed to breathe forth to his wife all his thoughts and feelings, his doubts and fears, his prospects and discouragements, his joys and sorrows; and her soul of sympathy made them all her own. His interests, friends, religious sentiments, Church relations, and plans for glorifying God, were all hers by adoption, and she could have none besides. When he began to be impressed to preach the gospel, she not only acquiesced, but encouraged. When he was appointed to a circuit, she said, ‘Go

where duty calls.' When his labors were blessed, she rejoiced exceedingly. When he was persecuted and slandered, while she sorrowed and sympathized with him, she could rejoice even that he was accounted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. When he became the acknowledged spiritual father of hundreds, she regarded them all as dear children begotten in the gospel. When he and others refused submission to the illegal demands of the Commission of Kentucky Synod, she said, 'Never sacrifice principle, even for peace.' When he and others considered it their duty, regardless of prohibitions, to supply the destitute, she said, 'Obey God rather than man.' When he and all other friends of this great awakening (the great revival of 1800) saw the neces-

sity of constituting an independent Presbytery in order to promote the gracious work and protect its fruits, she resolved to become a nursing mother to the infant Church to be born in this revival of God's work and baptized in the tears of his devoted worshipers. Well and faithfully has she fulfilled her determination. She has been permitted to live long enough to see that infant, growing in favor with God and man, arrive at a strength and maturity which have already accomplished great things, and promise still greater, with the blessings of God upon her and his glory in her midst.

“The heart that dictates these lines is fully assured, from the character and sentiments of this venerable lady, that if she still lingers upon earth, though

in full view of heaven, she prays without ceasing for God's blessing ever to rest upon the Church with which she has so long sympathized, sacrificed, and suffered."



CHAPTER III.



MERELY a glimpse of the life of our subject up to the time of the removal of the family from Kentucky to Missouri, in the year 1820, is furnished by the foregoing. And this glimpse is all that can now be reproduced of the life and labors of Mrs. Ewing down to the time indicated.

The reasons which led to this change of residence are detailed in the Life of Mr. Ewing, and do not enter into the scope of this work.

As has been intimated already, nothing whatever has been preserved for

this memoir. What follows will be derived chiefly from the personal recollections of the author. Mrs. Ewing never dreamed that her uneventful life would be written and published, and hence no effort was ever made to preserve any material for it. It was the same case with her husband. I know of my own knowledge that he was called on many times in his life-time to prepare the *data* for the early history of the Church and his own biography; but such was his repugnance to the task, that he never complied with the request of his friends, chiefly because he was himself an important figure in that history.

The truth of history would have been greatly subserved, if he had done as he was so often requested to do.

When the family first reached Mis-

souri, they settled for awhile at the then village of Boonville, located on the Missouri River, in Cooper county, and about the geographical center of the State. Intending to take his family to a farm, Mr. Ewing prepared his residence near to the place now known as New Lebanon, in the same county.

The name of Lebanon seemed to have peculiar attractions for Mr. Ewing. The congregation near his old home in Kentucky was called Lebanon; and after a congregation near his new home in the West was organized, it was called New Lebanon, and by this name it is still known, as also that of the Presbytery within whose bounds it is located.

The residence of the family was very

beautifully situated in an arm of timber that stretched out into the prairie to the north, from the main forest on the south.

It was a delightful place. It was such a home as one could love and remember always.

In a few years a large, two-story, brick house superseded the original log-cabins; a very extensive and well-arranged farm was laid out in the prairie adjoining; fine barns and other outbuildings were erected; the great orchard in the rear, and the garden at the south, were all features about the premises that I can never forget. Across a little span of prairie-land, just in the edge of another grove, and not far from a famous spring of water, the church-house was located. The camp-ground

was laid out in a square to the rear of the church.

I am thus particular in the description of this locality because a thousand delightful reminiscences of my own early life cluster about the dear old place; but chiefly because it has become historical ground to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church—historical in this, that a number of the early and able ministers of the Church were brought into the ministry here, and were instructed in theology and prepared for their work by Mr. Ewing while he resided at this place. These men made an important history in our denomination, and it will soon be written and sent out to the world.

A large number of the members of the old Lebanon and other contiguous

congregations in Kentucky had removed to this neighborhood, and, of course, connected themselves with the congregation of New Lebanon. In a few years this was a flourishing Church.

I remember the names of very many of the old members who were always seen in their places on the Sabbath. They have all gone down to the grave long since, yet they live in the memory of a large and highly respectable posterity, many of whom have become ornaments in the Church and valuable citizens of the State. I recall with pleasure the names of Kirkpatrick, Sloan, John and James Wear, Benj. Rubey, Burnes, McCorkle, Bryant, and others. These were the early pioneers of the country and the Church. They

bore an honorable testimony to the doctrines and usages of the infant Church with which they identified their spiritual welfare, and they illustrated the power of their faith in the happy death that is recorded of them all. If a man's faith stands this test, then it is worth every thing to him. Its value is beyond all price, and no considerations of Church aggrandizement and social position can compensate any one for its loss.

Some of them were men of more than ordinary influence in their Church relations. I call to mind, in this connection especially, old Uncle Robert Kirkpatrick—everybody called him uncle. He lived very near to the church, and was one of the first elders in the congregation. He was a hale, hearty

old man within my first recollection. He was a very fine singer, as men were adjudged in that day—had a rich, full, melodious voice, that would not only fill the old church-house, but would roll out in great volumes through the open doors and windows and wake the slumbering echoes among those grand old trees for a great distance around.

I have sat in the door at home and heard the music at the church many a time, and the distance was nearly half a mile. But it was on camp-meeting occasions when this master of song would exhibit himself in all his strength and glory.

On a calm summer evening, when the large congregation would be quietly seated in the shadows of the great

forest, and the first tune would be raised by old Father Kirkpatrick, his voice would ring out on the air like the mellow notes of a silver trumpet. The green arches above would reëcho the sound, and the whole camp-ground become vocal with melody.

Dear, good old man! long ago has thy music been turned to higher themes and thy voice to a higher praise on the beautiful shore beyond the dark river!

It was a part of the regular duty of Mr. Kirkpatrick to *line out*, and sing the hymn for the pastor, preliminary to the preaching service. His accustomed seat was in front of the pulpit; and after the first reading of the hymn by the minister, he would rise to his feet, line out the hymn, and raise the

tune and lead the singing of the whole congregation.

In those early days there were no books to distribute among the people as is now the custom. How far Church-music has been improved thereby, I don't pretend to say. My recollection is that, when the whole congregation joined to follow the old elder, the music was very grand, according to my conception. It was apparently easy to follow a good leader; they sang with the spirit, and made music for the Church, and melody in their hearts.

Another feature of Church-services in those early days has long since disappeared. The services at any one given church were not very frequent. The supply of ministers did not afford preaching oftener than once in two or

three weeks to the same congregation.

Coming to church, then, once in two or four weeks, the people thought it no hardship to listen to a sermon one or two hours long, and to an exhortation immediately afterward.

The exhorter at Lebanon was old Uncle Jimmy Wear. He lived in the near neighborhood, and generally was without a special charge of his own. He was not learned or great in any sense of the terms, but was humble and pious in the best sense of those terms. He usually sat in the pulpit with the pastor, and, after the sermon, closed the meeting with a zealous and fervent exhortation. Frequently he would use the expression that "he had been greatly refreshed" during the ser-

mon which had preceded, but it was always an unsettled question among the "boys," who were present, whether he had been refreshed by the long, sound nap he had taken, or by the truths of the sermon which had been delivered, for it was one of his weaknesses to *sleep well* during the service. No one who knew him, however, but entertained for him the highest respect on account of his earnest piety and unpretending walk in life. Peace to his ashes!

After all, it is the humble Christian who reflects most the true spirit of genuine Christianity. It is he who reflects most faithfully the light of that inner life which is born of the Spirit, and which derives vitality from the breathing of Christ upon the naturally

dormant heart. Not so extended in his influence and usefulness, perhaps, as his more brilliant and gifted neighbor; but he lives in a serener atmosphere, is surrounded with a balmier influence, and is altogether a happier Christian than the other, because his condition is not disturbed by rude contact with the world and wicked men. He lives more apart from evil influences, and hence his pathway lies over even and sunny grounds.

For many years after the early pioneers to this State (Missouri) had made their homes in the wilderness, there were but few church-houses erected; the people were widely scattered in their settlements, and the camp-meeting then was a necessity. That such meetings have been a thousand times honored by the great Head of the Church, there

can be no manner of doubt; and that they have been the means of bringing to Christ thousands of unconverted persons, is equally true. I contemplate with regret the abandonment by our people of the camp-meeting. It is true that in thickly-settled neighborhoods, where commodious church-edifices have been erected, the services of the house of God may be adequately maintained without the pitching of tents in the consecrated grove; but the abounding influences that surround and overawe the people while worshiping God in his own great temples are utterly lost in the painted and bedizened church-house. There is an invisible spirit that is felt in the sighing breeze, that is heard in the rustling leaves, that is seen in the beautiful architecture of the green arches

above their heads, that will make itself felt and obeyed by the people on these occasions, when even the message of salvation, promulgated from the pulpit, will fail to do so. The influence of such surroundings as these on the spiritual nature of men is illustrated in the practice of many heathen peoples, who worship their deities in sacred groves, and who build their shrines under the shadows of the great trees.

A camp-meeting of four or five days' continuance nearly always resulted in a revival of religion and in the conversion of many precious souls. Now, a protracted meeting in a church-house will require weeks of labor before any sensible impression is produced. Of course it will not be understood that I depreciate the value, and even necessity, of

meeting-houses in every congregation. The camp-meeting is held annually, whereas the congregational meetings should be held every Sunday. I make the point here merely to show that *change* is not always improvement—that old landmarks should not be too hastily erased, and that some old ways may be the best ways after all.

As for myself, I can bear this testimony: that I have heard the gospel preached under every variety of circumstances—in the rude log-cabin, in the plain, unpretending church, in the splendid churches of the large cities, and in the grand old cathedrals that have pointed their spires to heaven for two hundred years; and yet the message of salvation never fell upon my ears with such solemn fervor, with such

powerful force, and with such winning persuasiveness, as it has under the leafy bowers that were woven by the vines and branches of those old monarchs of the forest, that had been stretching out their arms to the storms of a hundred years.

To the Cumberland Presbyterian Church the camp-meeting should be a sacred institution. It is interwoven with her history from the day of her birth down to the present moment; and for all coming time the history of camp-meetings in the Mississippi Valley will lie at the foundation of her own history, whatever that may be.

It is in this connection that I propose to bring out a striking trait of Mrs. Ewing's character. Camp-meetings always involved a great deal of

care and labor to the heads of families who moved on to the ground and made that their place of abode during the continuance of the meeting. The people came from far and near, and had to be entertained, boarded, and lodged. I have seen scores of persons accommodated at the same meal at the camps of "Uncle Finis and Aunt Peggy." As long as there was a hungry stranger on the ground, their ample board was spread, and a free invitation given to all comers.

Also the care of a large family and numerous colored servants entered into the list of her labors; but when the silver horn sounded the note to assemble for public worship, she was always in her place. No combination of circumstances could so conspire as to prevent

her from participating in the feast of fat things that was always provided in the house of God's people. That was the recognized source of all her strength and capacity to work for the people at the camp, and for the promotion of God's cause at the altar.

A long period of training in the active duties of life had qualified her for every emergency. The wife of a minister whose duties call him a great deal from home must bring herself up to a double capacity for business, or sink supinely under the burden. With a fine physical organization and uniform good health at that period of her life, she exhibited a wonderful fitness and capacity for the onerous duties of her position. She was always found equal to the occasion, however

exacting and trying it might prove to be.

With an industry that never faltered, and a vigilance that rarely slumbered, she pursued the even tenor of her way, first in the government of her large household, and next in the punctual discharge of all her public religious duties. She had an abiding abhorrence of a lazy person. I have often heard her say that she could not comprehend how a slothful, indolent person could be a good Christian.

Another leading feature in the character of Mrs. Ewing was her cordial and unaffected hospitality. During the whole period that the family resided at Lebanon, there were no villages, or towns, or country taverns, within a radius of many miles from her homestead.

People traveling through the country on business or for pleasure must look to the private hospitality of the inhabitants for food and shelter. Mr. Ewing being well known throughout the State, and his independent circumstances being well understood, it followed almost as a matter of course that every friend or stranger who passed through the country called at his house. The dwelling occupied by the family was large and commodious, the barns were spacious and well filled, and the mistress of the mansion always at home if the master was not; so that the place became a sort of free hotel—everybody was welcome, and was entertained comfortably and pleasantly without charge. Every possible character of guest, almost, was an occasional recipient of its hospitality.

The preacher always found it a pleasant home, and was not slow to enter its open doors. The poor emigrant, just arrived from a distant State in search of a new home, was equally welcome. The politicians of the State occasionally paid the family a visit. I have seen United States senators, governors, congressmen, judges, and other public characters, the recipients of its bounty; and all, of every class, were met at the threshold by a simple, unostentatious, easy, and natural politeness that made every one feel at home at once.

But the great point I wish to make in this connection consists in the fact that the house of Mr. and Mrs. Ewing, for very many years—not at Lebanon only, but wherever they lived—was the home of the young Cumberland Pres-

byterian preacher. I feel safe in asserting that no one family in the bounds of the whole Church has contributed more, in this way, to bring forward the young candidate for the ministry.

Free board and free instruction were cheerfully tendered to all who desired such assistance. Very many accepted gratefully the kind offer who afterward became an honor to the Church and a blessing to the country. Some of them, indeed, were towers of strength to the struggling cause which they had espoused.

The practice of taking young preachers into the family was continued until the death of Mr. Ewing. The additional labor which this enlargement of the domestic circle imposed on Mrs. Ewing was very great. Her own large family

and numerous servants to see after, with a constant influx of visitors, would seem to have been enough for the mistress of the household ; but so long had she been accustomed to the duty of self-sacrifice, that I never heard her murmur under such trying circumstances, except perhaps once, when the school-teacher was added to her already numerous household. She really thought that this gentleman, important character as he was, might find a home elsewhere.

The value of the labor performed by Mrs. Ewing in this department of her daily duties cannot well be estimated. A pleasant home, with motherly care and attention, encouraging advice, with valuable instruction, was simply the making of many a timid man, who, if left to himself, would have sunk down,

a miserable failure. A man coming forward under these circumstances, who reaches eminence in his calling, and who makes his mark in his day, and leaves a broad and deep impress upon the Church and the community, is a contribution to Christianity beyond all price.


I have never on a single occasion heard Mrs. Ewing take any praise to herself for this part of her Christian work. She always seemed to regard it as a simple duty, growing out of her position in the Church. If she ever felt her lot to be a hard one, or that her Christian duties were at all burdensome, she was never heard to complain. She accepted cheerfully the situation, and set about her multifarious duties with resolute purpose to do faithfully whatever might lie in her pathway.

Very often, and sometimes for long periods, Mr. Ewing would be absent from home. He made several trips back to Kentucky after he came to Missouri. These journeys were generally made to attend the Church judicatures—Synod and General Assembly. The usual distance to his destination was about five hundred miles, and the journey always made on horseback. (Some preachers can't get to Synod at all *now* unless they can go on a railroad.) During these times, the care of the whole household—children, servants, young preachers, and travelers—devolved on the hands of Mrs. Ewing; but there was no difficulty anywhere. Servants were respectful and obedient, and children the same as at other times. Every one tacitly promoted the mistress of the household

to the place and authority of the master. Firmness and decision, intelligently displayed, combined with gentleness and love, will govern well any household. The practice of family prayers was kept up by Mrs. Ewing, in the absence of her husband, uniformly. And thus the days of her life were filled up. When the Sabbath came around, it was indeed a day of rest. The old custom of preparing for the Sabbath prevailed then, and but little work was tolerated when the day arrived.



CHAPTER IV.

N this connection, I do myself the pleasure to recall the names of some of that noble band of ministers who first introduced our cause into this State (Missouri), and who came up to Lebanon, from time to time, to attend the judicatures of the Church, or to pay their respects to "Uncle Finis and Aunt Peggy."

Let us call the roll and see who may answer; and if not, wherefore.

Rev. R. D. Morrow was the first Cumberland Presbyterian preacher who came to Missouri in the character of missionary. I have been under the im-

pression that he was the first minister of the denomination who came to the State, but I believe it is true that Rev. G. P. Rice preached in St. Louis as early as 1817. Mr. Morrow came in the spring of 1819. It is also probable that Rev. Daniel Buie was in the State when Mr. Morrow arrived.

I have just read the address, prepared by Mr. Ewing, to the few and scattered members of the Church in this then Territory. It announced the coming of the missionary, who, it will be remembered, was sent to this country under the auspices of a ladies' Missionary Society organized in Southern Kentucky the year previous to his arrival in this country. I do not propose, in this connection, any thing farther than a mere allusion to the character of the

ministers whose names I shall mention—simply the impressions that a boy would receive upon a first acquaintance.

The mere mention of Mr. Morrow's name calls up a thousand interesting reminiscences of the early days of Cumberland Presbyterianism in Missouri. In his person, he was low of stature, but symmetrical and well knit together. The most striking features about the man, were his massive head and his noble brow, and deep-set eye. It was such a head as we have seen in the likenesses of great statesmen, judges, and others of commanding influence. His mind was well disciplined, and was adequate to the most intricate analysis. He was a born logician and metaphysician. His style in

the pulpit was a clear statement of his points, a logical discussion of the doctrine involved, and a powerful, practical application to his audience. He answers not to our call, but has gone to meet his brethren in a court that sits within the gates of the New Jerusalem.

H. R. Smith answers not, for he has but recently transferred his membership to the general Church which holds its meetings hard by the throne of its great Head. Mr. Smith was far above the average preacher of his day. He was not a young man of brilliant promise, but his laborious industry and unconquerable perseverance in his preparation for his work made him the best educated preacher among the old men in the State. His manner in the pul-

pit was exceedingly dignified, his arguments as clear as the sunshine, and his voice soft, yet full of strength and power. He lived and died with the harness on. No man of the denomination in this State has more deeply impressed his character upon the Churches with whom he labored than did Mr. Smith. The young men whom he trained for the ministry were among the best workers and best preachers we ever had in the country.

Mr. Smith was modest and unpretending in his manners, yet possessed of a lion-like courage, when occasion demanded its exhibition. His life will be written, and will be preserved as a sacred legacy to the Church in all time.

Robert Sloan, several years ago, as a

ripe shock, was gathered into the heavenly garner. His family resided in the near neighborhood of Lebanon, and Mr. Sloan was brought into the ministry there.

The leading characteristics of the man were his unaffected humility, his singleness of purpose, and his great earnestness in the prosecution of his ministerial work. His mission was to preach to the Church, but upon occasion I have heard him address himself to the unconverted with wonderful force and energy. He lived to a good old age, performed a great deal of work, and did it well. He died as he had lived, full of the faith which he professed and recommended to others. He answers not to our call.

Caleb Weedon spent several years of

his early ministry in Missouri. I have seen him at Lebanon often when he was a young man; but he removed to Kentucky, and spent the maturer years of his ministry in that State. He was a tall, spare, dignified man in his appearance, but the writer has no distinct recollection of his style of preaching. He acquired a fine reputation in central Kentucky, and was largely useful in his day. He died several years ago, and answers not.

David M. Kirkpatrick was a son of the old elder of whom I have already spoken. No one among the early preachers who came into the ministry at Lebanon gave more promise of usefulness, and, indeed, eminence in his profession than Mr. Kirkpatrick. His person was remarkably fine — large,

handsome, and dignified. He inherited his father's splendid voice, and, when preaching in the open air, his clarion notes would be heard far and near, like the sound of a bugle call. His early and untimely death was a great calamity to the young Church in Missouri. From this new country he was the first minister to pioneer the way to that better land, whence there is no emigration or departure.

Daniel Buie was a member of the first Presbytery ever held in Missouri. I remember him at Lebanon in the early days, and have heard him preach a few times. His usefulness in the ministry was cut short by a most distressing and incurable malady which came upon him in the maturity of his years. He has gone up to that coun-

try where no cloud ever comes upon the intellect and no darkness ever enshrouds the heart.

F. M. Braly resided in south-east Missouri, within what afterward became St. Louis Presbytery. He was among the young men whom I frequently saw at Lebanon. He was a man of very smooth and winning manners—easy, polite, and dignified—with a handsome face and a merry, twinkling black eye. While he did not rank among the ablest of the young men, he was yet a very fine preacher, acceptable and popular wherever he lived. His life was above reproach, and his example always good. He lived to a reasonably old age, and left a good name and a fair fame behind him. He also answers not, because he has gone up to

that General Assembly which sits in perpetual session.

Archie McCorkle lived for many years in the near neighborhood of Lebanon. He came into the ministry contemporaneously with those of whom mention has been made. He was a very zealous preacher, and with abilities above the average. His style was sometimes remarkable for its power. His general attainments, and especially his historical and miscellaneous reading, were very good, and I have heard him frequently draw upon such resources with excellent effect. He preached for some time in the town of Boonville and at Jefferson City. But in the decline of life, his health failed, and he removed to Texas, where he died not long since at an advanced age. Some

of his friends predicted a failure when he entered the ministry, but he disappointed them most happily. He was a good and useful man, and he now has his reward along with his early compeers in the ministry.

Laird Burnes was also one of the early ministers of the neighborhood. He was a man of respectable abilities, but had not energy and industry enough to accomplish any considerable results in his profession. He was very amiable in his intercourse with men, and upright in his Christian character. I have no information of the later years of his life.

We have already spoken of James L. Wear. He lived to a great age, beloved by all who knew him. His great consistency of character com-

manded an extensive influence in the community where he lived. He was not great, but he was better than great—he was genuinely good.

Thus the roll-call of the departed is closed. Half a score of them answer not. One by one, they dropped out of the list till all are gone. Their theological instructor and spiritual leader preceded most of them to their final home. They have all met for a camp-meeting on the heavenly plains, hard by that pure river of life that flows forever from the foot of the throne. They have already answered to a roll-call in Presbytery that holds its sessions in a house not made with hands. They have convened in a Synod where Christ is perpetual Moderator, and where the saints from all the Church of God on

earth are the members. They are all members of that General Assembly which will never adjourn. But not only is this little band of preachers found there, but thousands to whom they broke the bread of life in this world have joined them, and the subject of this memoir will be found among the number. What a grand jubilee it was when they all met under the cedars of the Lebanon that lies beyond the stars!

But I continue the roll-call of those who may yet answer.

Robert Renick answers that he is still on the hither bank of the dark, cold river, and that his confidence in the power of the gospel he has preached for half a century, is strong and unshaken. He is one of the "old guard"

still clad in full armor, and as ready for the fray as when but thirty summers had passed over his rugged brow.

John B. Morrow answers with feeble voice, but it utters no uncertain sound. Treading close upon the margin of the cold river, there is no recoil in his steps, nor dread in his onward movement. Confident and buoyant as in the spring-time of life, he knows in whom he has trusted. His work is now practically finished, and, when the records of his life shall be opened and read, it will be found to have been a great work.

Henry Renick answers with clarion voice from the plains of Texas. He is still on the walls, in the midst of his life's work, hale and vigorous, striking hard blows against the common enemy

of our race. His great powers are still unimpaired, and his burning zeal unquenched. How well I remember, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, the bugle call of that wonderful voice, which is still clear, and ringing as the morning bell!

J. W. Campbell, "the old man eloquent," still answers for his Master whenever called. For fifty years he has preached the gospel of Christ to his fellow-men. But the other day he filled the pulpit in the church where I worship. His tall and manly form is as stout and vigorous as a man of thirty. His eagle eye needs no artificial aid to read the sacred pages, and his voice is as mellow as the notes of a flute. What a great record has he already made! Fifty years in the con-

stant and faithful work of the ministry, with the fruits of his labors to be found all over the country!

John T. A. Henderson still answers promptly and decisively. His work has been upon a somewhat different line from that of most of his compeers. After a few years of experience as circuit-preacher, he devoted himself to pastoral duty altogether; and although this line of labor has not brought him conspicuously before so many congregations of the Church as a more desultory method of work would have done, yet it has not been the less productive of important results. He is still hale and vigorous in his physical and mental powers, and his capacity for useful labor is undiminished.

Thus the roll of the living and the dead is concluded. The men whose names have been mentioned have made abundant and useful history for our beloved Church. It was a noble and faithful band—pious, able, earnest, laborious, and devoted. Look down the list and see if any other fifteen names in the Church, who have made a contemporaneous history, can furnish a complete parallel. I would not utter undue eulogium on the names of any class of men, but I speak conscientiously and, I believe, truthfully, when I say that the good these men have accomplished will never be fully known in this world, and that nothing but the records of the kingdom of heaven will disclose the magnitude of the blessings they wrought for a sin-

ful world. But whether written or unwritten be their lives, their monuments have already been built, and each has reared his own for himself. Their memorials are seen on every hand in the hundred churches which they established, and in the manifestations of affection by the thousands of Christians whom they were instrumental in bringing to a knowledge of the truth.

May we not trace something in the great work of the noble band which we have named—of the silent and gentle influence of the mother in Israel, at whose fireside they all sat from time to time, and to which kindly advice, gentle encouragement, and motherly care and attention were given?

The sources of all great influences are generally remote from the places

of their exhibition. The motive-power of many great acts in human life seems insignificant when compared with the deeds themselves. And thus it is with the influence of a pious, good woman. It falls as the silent dew, yet it nourishes and strengthens every thing it touches.



CHAPTER V.



DURING the residence of the family at Lebanon, one event occurred which tried the soundness of the faith and of the Christian hopes of the subject of this memoir.

A terrible fever, then new to the country, broke out among the people, and spread, as an epidemic, far and wide. It was fatal in numerous instances. Death and mourning were brought to many households. An estimable gentleman, connected with the family by marriage, and a physician of learning and ability, was numbered among the

victims. Mrs. Ewing was attacked with the fever, and for many long weeks was not expected to live. Then it was that the faith which she had professed and preached to others so long sustained and supported her, with the almost certain prospect of death staring her in the face. The long and painful illness developed the rich fruits of a well-spent Christian life, and without a fear or a doubt she awaited, and almost invited, the messenger to take her home. But she survived, and lived many long and weary years after that.

The twelve years of the residence of Mrs. Ewing's family at Lebanon comprehended the period of her life in which her good works most abounded. She was then in the full maturity of her physical and mental strength. She

had the benefit of long years of discipline, trial, and suffering. During the dark days of the early period of the Church, she passed through a refiner's furnace. The little band with which her destiny was cast was persecuted without stint, was despised and maligned, and was often discouraged and driven back. All this came home to Mrs. Ewing with terrible force. Her husband was so deeply involved in every thing that appertained to the welfare and history of the young Church, that she could not avoid a personal interest in every thing that transpired.

This, then, was the long course of discipline through which she had passed. With a strong and cultivated mind, and with a stronger faith in the promises and encouragements of the gospel, she

could derive strength, and courage, and confidence from the fiery ordeal of persecution, and never give way to despondency or despair. With the benefit of this dear-bought discipline and experience, she entered upon her unostentatious Christian career at Lebanon, and continued her work with unabated zeal up to the day of her removal to another home.

There is no special prominence attaching to the Christian life and labors of Mrs. Ewing during the years referred to. The excellency of her character is seen rather in the untiring devotion which she always exhibited in the discharge of all her duties, whether private and domestic, or public and general.

As a mother, her devotion to the welfare of a numerous family of children is worthy of all praise. No self-sacrifice,

no manual labor, or motherly attention, was ever too great for her to perform whenever the emergencies of the case demanded it.

Then a large family of servants required untiring labor and attention. No mistress was ever kinder to her dependents, or exhibited more solicitude for their welfare, than did Mrs. Ewing.

Grouping together the general features of character and habits of life of Mrs. Ewing, we deduce from them the following conclusions :

That her piety produced abundant fruits in love to God and good works to all those with whom she was surrounded or came in contact.

That benevolence was demonstrated in the work she performed and the solicitude she exhibited for others.

That self-sacrifice and constant labor were regarded as no hardships, if thereby the general interests of religion, or of its ministers, could be promoted.

That her excellent sense and cultivation were fully shown in maintaining so well the difficult position that she was called on to occupy.

That her children will have cause to revere her memory and call her blessed through all the years of their lives, and to hand down her name in praise to the generations which shall follow them.

That her servants found in her their best friend.

And that the infant Church with which, so early in its life, she cast her lot, was never blessed with a truer friend or more prayerful supporter.

In her intercourse with her family or

society there was nothing demonstrative. Her manners were quiet, dignified, and unconstrained. She did not talk loud or fast. Upon occasion, however, she could easily and promptly render a reason for the faith that was in her. There were no negative qualities in her character: every attribute of her nature was positive in its development; but long discipline, a thorough self-control, and the sanctifying influences of grace in the heart, toned down these active traits, so that she became capable of performing the highest duties in life without making an offensive exhibition of self.

I don't call her a perfect woman, by any means. She had her faults, and knew them well, and prayed against them, all the later years of her life,

every day. With the candor of a simple historian, without undue eulogy or praise, I claim her character to be as I have stated it above, and refer to her long life of fidelity to sustain the conclusions I have reached.

The features of the religious life of Mrs. Ewing are deserving especial remark. Religion to her was a sublime and living reality—a real experience, derived from an abiding trust and faith in the great Author of her salvation. The very mental constitution and temperament of the woman demanded an experience that could not be doubted, and an actual realization of its joys and consolations.

It was her great happiness to enjoy a large share of the comforts of religion. It was her unfailing resource in all the

trials and afflictions that beset her pathway in life. It was her constant practice to refer all her difficulties to her Heavenly Father, and to ask his guidance and direction on all occasions. A favorite idea of hers—and she so expressed herself very often—was to live very near the Saviour, and to realize constantly that the Holy Spirit was in communion with her own spirit. Some persons will scout this as idle enthusiasm; but it was a living and sensible condition to her, especially in the later years of her life, when no business or worldly cares were upon her hands. If it were enthusiasm, it was a blessed one, and brought infinite happiness to the subject of it.

CHAPTER VI.



AMONG the interesting characters who visited the family very often during its residence at Lebanon, and who were always welcome, was Dr. Wm. W. Kavanaugh. In some respects he was one of the most interesting men in the social circle I ever saw. His conversational powers were of the finest order, and his fund of anecdote and humor almost inexhaustible. He was a gentleman of the old school, polite, urbane, benevolent, and kind to a fault. He was not a great preacher, as that term is now understood; but there were few men of any

pulpit who could be more eloquent or powerful in exhortation. I have heard him, a few times, when his eloquence reached to positive sublimity. And, again, his appeals to the unconverted were wonderfully forcible and effective.

His great fault was in a want of steadiness of purpose in reference to the business affairs of life. He was never contented in any place longer than a year or so at a time. He moved and removed more frequently than any man I ever knew. Half the then States in the Valley of the Mississippi were his place of residence at one time or another.

Mrs. Ewing frequently remonstrated with him against this habit; and finally, on one occasion, after hearing that he contemplated another removal, she told him if he died before she did, not to

move from heaven before she should arrive and know he was there.

He did not preach regularly to any particular church, but wherever and whenever he felt disposed, and in the later years of his life devoted himself to the practice of medicine, in which he possessed eminent skill. He was a man of mark in whatsoever society he might be placed, and commanded the respect of all and the esteem and love of many. He is now dead, and I can but invoke the blessing of Heaven upon those he has left behind, and say, "Peace to his ashes!"

Another character, who was our neighbor at Lebanon, deserves more than a passing notice. Hon. John Miller became a member of the Church in early life, lived for awhile in Howard county,

Missouri, and then settled not far from Lebanon, in Cooper county, and remained there till he died. He was a man of very fine talents, and a forcible, vigorous public speaker. He was fond of political life, and was frequently a member of both branches of the Legislature, in which positions he always distinguished himself for his integrity as a man and for his ability as a statesman.

He was an elder in the congregation of Pilot Grove after it was organized out of the Lebanon Church, and was frequently a member of Presbytery and Synod. He took an active and zealous part in the affairs of the Church. His influence was greatly sought after by the leading politicians of the State. He was the intimate friend of Senator Ben-

ton, Governor Miller, and others who filled the high places in the State.

About the year 1850, Mr. Miller was a Democratic candidate for Congress in his district, and his opponent was a very eloquent young Whig lawyer of Boonville, whose name was also John Miller, and our Mr. Miller became known throughout the country as "Ugly John," to distinguish him from his handsome young rival for congressional honors. Mr. Miller was a man of unfailing good humor, and took in good part the slurs of his political opponents. He lived to a great age, and illustrated in his death the infinite value of the religion which he had so long professed, and for which he had so long labored and sacrificed.

One of his sons is an eminent minis-

ter in the Church, and another one has been for twenty years a distinguished judge and politician, and a reputable member of the Church.

The influence of Mr. Miller was widely felt in his day, in both Church and State; and in the character of such men lies the salvation of both.

In this connection it may not be either indelicate or inappropriate to give a filial estimate in brief of the character of Finis Ewing. He was so intimately associated with the noble band of early ministers already mentioned, that the picture would be incomplete without a sketch of his portrait. No effort at his biography will be attempted—that has been written by other and abler hands.

During the period of the family resi-

dence at Lebanon, Mr. Ewing was in the full maturity of his powers. The great struggle with the old Church and the trying ordeal of the new organization had been passed. The battle had been fought, and victory had perched upon the banner of the little band, which had been flung to the breeze, not defiantly, but with an humble trust in the power and grace of the great Head of the Church. The first contest over, however, did not give to the victors immunity from perpetual labor, watchfulness, and prayer. To maintain the position which they had fought so gallantly to gain, required all the skill, and courage, and vigilance which was requisite to the first achievement.

At this period of his life, then, Mr. Ewing occupied the position of a vet-

eran soldier. He knew the power and strength of the enemy, and, above all, he understood well the *true* source of his own influence and power. In hours of great emergency he never lost sight of the fact that the battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift. His reserve force, in all his conflicts, was in the omnific arm of his divine Master, and an humble reliance upon that resource was the leading and controlling idea of his life. It was indicated in all his preaching and in all his writings.

The Church then being fully organized and equipped for work, it was the business of the preachers of that day to do the work before them. Mr. Ewing claimed no exemption from his share of the labor; he traveled and preached constantly. He made it a

special duty to be with his own Lebanon people at his regular appointments.

In all the intervals of time, however, he was in the field; and wherever there was work to be done, he was ready and willing to put forth a helping hand.

Camp-meetings were then held in all the congregations that were at all able to support them; and Mr. Ewing not only went himself, but to many places took his family and assisted in maintaining the people during the occasion. As a general rule, he would preach once every day.

It was the usual custom to have two sermons during the day and one at night. Nor was the labor of the preachers confined to the pulpit. In

the altar and at the places of secret prayer, out under the leafy shelter of the spreading trees, they were found engaged on all occasions demanding their attention.

These camp-meetings were generally fields for great achievements of the Church. Scores, and sometimes hundreds, would capitulate to the ambassadors of the heavenly kingdom, and surrender unconditionally to the demands of Christ for their love and obedience.

I will not attempt any analysis of Mr. Ewing's style of preaching farther than to say that he was more argumentative than declamatory, and was always logical and conclusive in his reasoning. Occasionally he would make very impassioned appeals to his audi-

ence. But all the habits of his mind and all his early training in the matter and manner of his discourses led him to an argumentative and logical method.

The new doctrine, for the first time so distinctly advanced by Presbyterian divines, that Christ had provided salvation for all men, was so vehemently opposed and so bitterly assailed by the advocates of high Calvinism that the supporters of the new theories were compelled to train their minds to habits of close argument and critical analysis. The circumstances that surrounded Mr. Ewing in all the years of his ministry made it a necessity with him to study to give a reason for his opinions; and under this sort of discipline and training, he became simply powerful in ar-

gument. That power, however, was never exhibited, except in the pulpit. Under the inspiration of an interesting discussion his logic was invincible, and his reasoning irresistible. The errors and sophisms of his opponents would be swept away like cob-webs.

Mr. Ewing's true abilities as a preacher and theologian are not exhibited in his writings. Nothing that he has ever written, except a letter or circular in reply to an attack, does any thing like justice to his abilities. The characteristics of his mind and his mental training would have qualified him eminently for the bar, the political forum, or the bench. Indeed, many of his admirers thought the true theater of his life lay in statesmanship. It is not denied either that he had consider-

able taste for legal and political reading. At no time, however, did he lose sight, for a single moment, of his commission to that highest and greatest of all vocations, the ministry of Christ. He took just so much interest in the affairs of his country as to qualify him to act intelligently upon all questions presented for his consideration, and to vote understandingly at all elections. He was a useful citizen and a Christian patriot, in addition to that of being an humble and able minister.

The leading elements of his character may be stated, briefly, as follows: His administrative abilities were of the highest order. This was demonstrated fully in the management of his family and business affairs, and especially in his Church relations. His chief mental

characteristics find expression in the terms *logical* and *forcible*. These elements of mind and character qualified him for the position of a *leader* in whatever walk of life he chose to enter. These, combined with his ardent zeal and humble piety, fitted him for trying emergencies in the history of theological and ecclesiastical questions.

The theory of a possible salvation for all men, and at the same time security in Christ for the true believer, is no new truth. It is as old as the Bible and as the Author of our salvation. It was simply eliminated from the teachings of Christ in the New Testament, divested of the rubbish of high Calvinism and the fallacies of Arminianism. It was simply reasserting, in a new formula, the sublime truth of the Bible,

that a just and merciful God must be true to his essential nature, and cannot deal with the creatures of his hands (all being alike sinful) except on the general principle of justice to condemn all, and of divine benevolence to provide salvation for all.

The great central idea of Cumberland Presbyterianism, as promulgated by the fathers, is simply a possible salvation for all men, and security in Christ to the penitent believer. In this system the character of God, in the attribute of his justice, is unimpugned, and the power and willingness of the Father to save to the uttermost the children begotten to him by the Holy Spirit, are unimpeached.

The old ship "Cumberland," about which some of our new-found Scotch

friends have written lately, can find a smooth passage between the rocks of Scylla on the one side and the whirlpool of Charybdis on the other.

Mr. Ewing's intercourse with the numerous young preachers who attended the same Church-meetings and judicatures was cordial, paternal, and kind. There was nothing assumed on account of his position; only the character of instruction was exhibited. I have heard the young men argue with him stoutly and boldly upon questions of theology and Church polity.

He was often flattered and made much of by indiscreet persons; but if it ever augmented his pride, or puffed him up, I do n't remember to have seen any evidence of it. One of the lessons that he endeavored to teach the preach-

ers and the Church generally, more persistently than any other, was the grace of abiding and growing humility. The very prosperity of the Church was a source of uneasiness and alarm to him, for fear that the people should become proud of their strength and forget their reliance upon the all-powerful Arm which had raised them up from such small beginnings.



CHAPTER VII.



WE linger in the shadows of Lebanon with peculiar pleasure. In the cemetery hard by, several members of our family and many dear friends and neighbors have found their last earthly home. To the old meeting-house we went to school in the week, and to church on Sunday.

We recall the names of some of our teachers and school-fellows with a mournful pleasure. To many of them "the fitful fever of life's dream has closed forever." How widely scattered are the men who grew up from boyhood

in that vicinity, and how varied has been their destiny in life! Some of them have made an honorable record in the annals of the Church and the State. A number of years ago, three or four of the Lebanon boys became members of the Missouri Legislature, at the same session; another one had become a distinguished judge, another Attorney-General of the State, and another held a high office under the United States. They all met in Jefferson City, the State capital, at the same time; and no incident in the life of one of them at least has afforded him more unalloyed pleasure than that meeting. Most of them were members of the Church, and they all recalled the period of their early days at Lebanon with the greatest interest and satisfaction. I have

good reason to hope that they will all meet again in the capital of the heavenly kingdom, where God is the Governor and Christ the great Minister of State.

The old settlers about Lebanon seemed to be content with their homes and their country, and there they lived, and died, and were buried. Many of the young people, of course, sought their homes and their fortunes in other lands.


Twenty-five years after the family of Mr. Ewing had removed from Lebanon, the writer again visited the old place under circumstances of unusual interest. When he left the neighborhood he was a boy of sixteen, and returned again a gray-haired man, seeking political honors from the people of the State. The announcement that an old Lebanon boy

would present his claims to the people for the office of Governor, brought out all the old citizens of the neighborhood; and notwithstanding the long absence of a quarter of a century, every face was instantly recognized; and then the pages of all the history of our residence under the shadows of the old church were unfolded, and their contents scanned, read, and re-read, with infinite interest and attention.

A few years later, the writer again visited the place, and a different, but far more interesting, event was transpiring. The old church, that had done duty for a third of a century as school-house and meeting-house, had been removed, and its place was occupied by a large, handsome, well-built brick edifice; and this was the occasion of the dedica-

tion of the new church. I looked over the great congregation, and nearly all the old faces were absent. A new generation had come upon the stage. Rev. P. G. Rea preached the sermon on the occasion. The congregation was very large, and respectable in appearance. Quite a large sum of money was raised to pay off the debt upon the house; and thus the Church at Lebanon entered upon a new era in its history. The seed planted in the wilderness has borne most abundant fruit. Hundreds, and perhaps thousands, have been converted upon the consecrated ground, and influences for good have gone out from them to the four quarters of the compass.

CHAPTER VIII.



HE family of Mr. Ewing, in the year 1832, moved from New Lebanon, Cooper county, to Lafayette county, Mo., and settled, near the town of Lexington, in the Brick Church congregation.

The reasons for this change of residence—for breaking the ties that bound pastor and people, neighbors and friends—were not fully understood, and have frequently been misstated by those not familiar with all the facts.

At first glance it seemed incredible that persons so pleasantly situated, as

were Mr. Ewing and family, could be induced to break away from such a home and so many agreeable associations and tender ties. All the appurtenances of the home—houses, lands, and fields—were in the very best condition. All the arrangements and appointments of the place were in perfect harmony, indicating the prevailing habits and tastes of the master. Every thing bore the character and influence of thorough system.

This work was projected when the country was a comparative wilderness, but, at the date we speak of, the whole land was dotted over with other beautiful homes, and altogether it was a good country for one to spend his life and finally be buried in.

The force requisite to cultivate this

farm was necessarily considerable. It required a great deal of attention from the head of the household.

About this time, or perhaps a little before, Mr. Ewing had reached the conclusion that it was wrong *for him* to hold slaves, and had determined to provide for their emancipation at an early day. Though still in the vigor of life, he was advancing in years. He disliked to bestow upon his farm so much time and attention which he desired to devote to his ministerial duties. The purpose to manumit his slaves would render him comparatively a poor man, and he still had a number of his children to bring up and educate. He had served the Church nearly all his life without compensation, because the Church was young and poor, and he

desired that what the people could give to sustain the gospel should be given to those who were in greater need of assistance than himself. He was always a successful manager of his temporal affairs, and was always independent in his circumstances.

These and other considerations not necessary to detail here induced Mr. Ewing to accept from President Jackson a Federal appointment in the town of Lexington, the duties of which he could discharge by deputy, and the avails of which would support him handsomely after he had given up his fine farm at Lebanon.

Accordingly Mr. Ewing moved to Lafayette county in the fall of 1832. He left nearly all of his servants on the farm in charge of a man as man-

ager, with all the details arranged for their speedy emancipation.

A small farm was purchased near the Brick Church, as stated above, and the family took up their residence there. The removal from Lebanon was a severe trial to Mrs. Ewing. Her friends were counted by hundreds, not only in that immediate vicinity, but throughout the county. Her solicitude for the servants left behind was very great. A married daughter, who had been many years an invalid, was also left in the neighborhood. But, for many long years, she had been learning the lesson every day that her duty lay in the path of self-sacrifice and self-denial, and she submitted to what seemed to be her duty in the premises without complaint. In the new home, new as-

sociations were to be formed and new neighbors to be cultivated. I have often heard her say that she never lived in a place where she did not have good neighbors. I have thought of the remark frequently.

In order for one to have good neighbors, he must himself be a good neighbor to others, and they will not often be otherwise themselves. The rule, of course, has its exceptions; but the sentiment uttered by Mrs. Ewing, in that connection, has influenced my own conduct in my neighborly relations, and I have always found good results following it.

We found quite a large congregation of Church-members in our new neighborhood. I believe the minister who organized the Church was the Rev. R.

D. Morrow. He did not live immediately in that vicinity at that time.

The only preacher of our denomination residing in that part of the country was Rev. (Col.) Wm. Horn. He was so much of a character in the community at that time and afterward, that I cannot resist the temptation to give a short sketch of the man. He had been a very worldly, wicked man, according to his own account; was fond of military life and the trappings of military parade. He bore the title of colonel, and long after he became a minister he was called Col. Horn. He was a frank, genial, social man in his manners—sprightly to a degree, quick at retort, and often too quick to resent a real or supposed affront. He came into the ministry too late in life and with ac-

quirements too limited to qualify him for the deep learning of theology; yet he was a good and useful preacher. His exhortations were sometimes really powerful, and would create a deep impression on the minds of his congregations.

He was naturally a belligerent man. He was born to fight, and generally to conquer. It afforded him the keenest enjoyment to get into a private argument or public controversy with a foe worthy of his steel. Though his mind was never disciplined, yet he could argue a point with a good deal of logical force, and that, combined with his powers of ridicule, made him a formidable opponent. He acquired more fame as a temperance lecturer than as a preacher. He made a most effective temperance speech. He

would sometimes convulse his auditors with laughter, and then have them in tears over the woes of the drunkard's wife and children. The Synod of Missouri employed him at one time to travel and lecture upon this subject throughout the State.

He had faults, as all other men who inherit our sinful nature ; but they were largely counterbalanced by his excellent qualities of head and heart. The friendship between him and Mr. Ewing was more than ordinarily cordial and tender. He died in middle life, having accomplished very much good in his brief ministerial life and labors.

The leading character connected with the Church in our new home, who was not a minister, was Chatham Ewing, elder brother of Rev. Finis Ewing. "Un-

cle Chatham," as everybody called him, had been an early settler in the country, and had contributed very greatly to the building up of the congregation, in which he was a ruling elder. I feel no delicacy in speaking of this most excellent man. I think he was the most useful layman that I have known in the denomination. Every person in the community had unbounded confidence in his integrity and piety; and with that he was the most industrious, zealous Christian in the congregation. He always took an active part in the public exercises of the meetings he attended—prayed and exhorted with more effect than most of the preachers. His powers in this direction were indeed remarkable. The boldest sinner in the land would bow before his persuasive

eloquence. He was a man of meek and gentle spirit, and was not qualified for the rough contests of life. He conquered by kindness and love. When I first knew him, he was quite advanced in life, and was rapidly preparing for the final summons. Death never attacked an earthly tabernacle that was more ready and willing to surrender, than when he knocked at the door of old Uncle Chatham. He bade him enter with an absolute confidence that his divine Master would rescue him from all enemies after the earthly house had fallen. He was a ripe Christian, and ready for the heavenly garner. I don't know where his mantle fell, if it ever did fall; for I have seen no one just like him since his departure.

I speak within bounds when I say I

have never seen so large a concourse of people attend the burial of any private citizen as followed to the old Brick Church the remains of this good man. His memory is precious to hundreds who still remain, and scores will call him blessed who have already joined him in that better land.

Contemporary with Uncle Chatham was another most excellent man and member of the Church—Capt. William Jack. He was an early settler in this new country, and, I believe, emigrated from Tennessee. He was one of those sterling, incorruptible men, who gave character to society among the first inhabitants of the country. The first emigrants to central and western Missouri were not the rough, lawless characters that frequently make their way to new

countries before a better class of citizens come in. Most of the first emigrants which reached this part of the State were men of excellent character, who had large and growing families, and sought a new country to get cheap lands, and thus contribute to the advantageous settlement of their children in life. Capt. Jack had a most estimable family. Moral, intelligent, and refined, they were ornaments of society in his day, and have been in the several communities in which they have resided since. Most of them were members of the Church, and an eminent minister and a distinguished lawyer married two of the daughters.

Among the young preachers who came into the ministry about this time were Rev. T. M. Johnston (now of Cal-

ifornia) and Rev. A. A. Young. I refer to these two in particular because of the conspicuous part each of them took in the establishment of the Church in the localities where they resided. Both of these good men rode the circuit in south-west Missouri, when there were but few inhabitants and no ministers of our denomination. They laid the foundation for the most numerous body of Cumberland Presbyterians to be found in the same area of country anywhere west of the Mississippi River. There are now three Presbyteries and one Synod, and numerous churches, and a large membership, within the bounds of their old circuit.

Mr. Johnston is of the Barnett stock, and has a good many of the characteristics of the eminent ministers of that

name who were so conspicuous in the early days of the Church. He is a most earnest, humble, and faithful Christian minister, and has accomplished wonderful results in his profession.

Mr. Johnston went to California at an early day, and has probably done more to establish our cause on the Pacific coast than any man of the denomination. His abilities are far above the average, and his attainments in literature and theology are very respectable.

Mr. Johnston edited and published the first paper of our Church on that coast, for many years with the most meager support from the scattered Churches of that country. It was a decade of unremitting toil and labor, and no re-

muneration. He would write his editorials, and often set them up in type and work at the press upon occasion. Not one in a thousand would have performed such a work under the same circumstances. He deserves to be honorably mentioned upon all occasions, and I here pay my humble tribute to his eminent worth as a minister of the gospel, and pray that the long period of his labor of love may yet be crowned with the most glorious results, and that his last days may be his brightest and best! All honor to the man who can work for years, and know that his reward is only to be realized beyond the confines of life!

CHAPTER IX.



THE next summer after the arrival of the family at their new home was held *the great camp-meeting*.

The camp-ground formed a square in the rear of the church-house. In the center of the square a spacious shelter was erected and covered with boards. It was as secure from the rain and as comfortable as a house. A large number of persons encamped on the ground, and, as was usual in that day, the people came from far and near to attend the meeting. The congregations were very large and orderly.

The ministers preached with the spirit and unction that was exhibited in the earlier days of the Church. The people seemed to be under the spell of some great awe which hushed every thing into silence, except during the public exercises. They trod lightly upon the grassy turf, and spoke with bated breath.

In the evening twilight the campground was almost deserted, and the contiguous groves became vocal with prayer and praises, and, ever and anon, the glad shout of deliverance from sin's captivity rang out upon the evening air. That was an occasion on which Israel prevailed in every conflict with his enemies. The converts were numbered by scores, the Church was greatly strengthened, and a permanent and

powerful influence for good was established in the community. It was on these and all similar occasions that the influence of the subject of this memoir was peculiarly exerted and widely felt. In her new home, as well as in the old, her life was devoted to toil and labor. Her house again became the home of the young preacher, and again she dedicated the years of her life to labor and work for her Master in whatsoever situation she might be placed. Unobtrusive and unostentatious, she rather sought the humbler spheres of useful labor; and if her work was not so prominently connected with the cause of her Master, it was for the benefit of those who were directly engaged in the work.

And in this manner is a woman's in-

fluence most generally to be employed. She does not pray in public, or preach from the pulpit. Her power is felt as is the falling of the gentle rain or the silent dew. It makes no noise, yet it nourishes and vivifies every thing it touches.

The new ideas of woman's rights and woman's sphere did not prevail in those days; and the day when all such ideas are banished from the minds of good women will deserve to be marked with a white stone. A truly pious woman, and one who really desires to be useful in her day, can find a thousand avenues through which influences for good may be employed, without pushing herself to the front, and without obtruding herself upon man's exclusive theater of action. True benevolence seeks con-

cealment rather than ostentatious and garish exhibition. A true woman, with her spirit sanctified by the holy influences of genuine religion, will make herself an active and positive power for good wherever she may live. In the character of her children, relations, friends, and neighbors, may be found the real fruit of her labor, and that may be traced from one generation to another. A great sermon may be extolled and praised throughout the land, but the silent influence that molded and qualified the preacher may never be heard of.

As a minister's wife, enough has already been said to indicate the fitness of Mrs. Ewing for that position. I avail myself of this connection to say a word in vindication of preachers'

wives generally. I have heard numerous complaints by fastidious members of the Church to this effect, that certain ministers were unfortunate in their marriage relations—their wives were not cultivated women, they were not adapted to refined society, and, of course, could not exert their proper influence among the more intelligent members of the community. That this is true in some instances, and is to be regretted, is not denied; yet there is an apology for such women that is not often thought of. When the young preacher and his wife were married, there was general equality in their character, habits, and attainments. *Then* she was altogether his equal. But in the course of years the minister improves very much; becomes quite a

prominent man, it may be, and his wife remains stationary. She has had no time for literary culture, no means to gratify such a taste if she possessed it, and has had possibly to submit to the hardships of cook and nurse without any alleviation or mitigation of her condition for long years together.

The preachers are nearly all poor, and but poorly paid for their work, and their wives are subjected to a lot that seems almost cruel in many cases. I have a profound sympathy for the family of a good preacher which is thus situated. His wife works like a slave—dresses poorly—has nothing to read, and no time to read if she had—a family of children to rear and work for, with no means of educating them. It seems a terrible ordeal for a good

woman to endure. But I cannot pass from this point without reprobating the practice of very early marriages among preachers.

A man of some promise enters the ministry, and about the time he is ordained, and very frequently before, he takes a wife, young, poor, and green, as he is, and thus he closes forever the door to distinction and extended usefulness. They are both subjected to a life of unmitigated toil and sacrifice, and their children are dedicated to ignorance and obscurity.

I return from this episode about preachers' wives and the evils of the early marriages of ministers. I propose to give my views at length upon the last part of this topic in another more appropriate connection.

We have found the family settled pleasantly in their new home. It was not a place of much pretensions. The house and farm were both smaller than at Lebanon. The children at home were reduced to two, and sometimes only one. The servants were reduced in number, also. The heads of the family were on the decline of life, and making slow, but sensible, progress in that direction. The capacity for effective labor on the part of both was perceptibly diminishing; yet the services at the church and the camp-meetings, both far and near, were still regularly attended. No special event broke the monotony of their lives for several years.

One circumstance is well remembered that occurred during this period. Rev. Reuben Burrow, so well known to the

whole Church, had preached in western Missouri shortly after he entered the ministry. He was probably one of the first of our preachers who labored regularly in this country. His stay was only temporary, however. He returned to his home in Tennessee after awhile, and in about eight or ten years he revisited his old friends and his early field of labor in western Missouri. He and his traveling companion, Mr. Bigham, arrived at Mr. Ewing's in mid-summer, in 1834 or 1835. The writer traveled with them from Boonville to Lafayette. They were simply on a preaching tour through the country. Mr. Burrow was then in the prime of his manhood. His mental characteristics resembled his physical—strong, powerful, and rugged. His thoughts were original

and vigorous, and expressed with singular force, and sometimes with great vehemence. He was an effective preacher. His style was not palatable to a fastidious taste, but he always commanded attention through the mere force of his character. In debate, I don't suppose he would have been ready and quick enough for reply or retort: his temperament would require him "to warm up," and he would need time to adjust himself to the task before him; but when aroused, and all his great powers brought fully into play, he was a lion indeed.



CHAPTER X.



HAVING resided a few years at their country home in Lafayette county, the family removed into the town of Lexington. The children had all grown up and left the paternal roof, except one, and he discharged the duties of his father's office in town. The family servants were nearly all practically free, if not legally manumitted. The household was now very small: two servants and the two old people were the ordinary family. But a house without children, that had been so long accustomed to them, seemed almost desolate. Children are

the sunlight of any household ; and I pity the family in whose home the pattering of little feet was never heard. The unnatural vacuum could not remain long in this family, and accordingly several grandchildren were duly installed to fill the places made vacant by the departure of their predecessors ; and then the old home looked like itself again.

There was no church-house in the town at the time referred to. The court-house served for that purpose to all denominations. Mr. Ewing never lived long in any place without a suitable place of public worship ; and accordingly, with his accustomed energy, he soon had a comfortable building erected and a congregation duly organized. Two of the first elders of that congregation deserve a passing notice.

George and William Houx are brothers. They are old-time Cumberland Presbyterians. They are now far advanced in life, and can look back upon a long career of usefulness to the Church and the country. They are of a class of men now very rare within my knowledge. While energetically employed in temporal pursuits, and unusually successful in business, they are always prepared for the duties of religion and the obligations of the Church.

A friend of mine, who had long been a merchant, quit the business and went on to a farm. He told me he liked his new pursuits better than the old, because he could worship God while following the plow. So in reference to these men; they worshiped God while in the midst of absorbing worldly en-

gagements. One of them is remarkably gifted in prayer; and I once heard the reason asked why it was so: he was not learned or fluent of speech. The ready answer of one who knew him well was, that he *practiced* praying a great deal, and was therefore unusually fluent. William Houx always goes to Presbytery and Synod, and frequently to the General Assembly. No branch of Christian duty suffers in his hands for want of attention. They both reside now in the Mount Hebron congregation, twelve miles south of Lexington. The nucleus of this congregation was furnished from Lexington and the old Brick Church. They have an excellent brick house, beautifully located, and a convenient parsonage, with ten acres of ground, for the use of the pastor.

They are a strong Church, well off in the world's goods, and influential in the community. No congregation in this State can be more successfully appealed to for benevolent purposes than Mount Hebron. Indeed, whenever money is to be raised in Lexington Presbytery, the first place the agent visits is this Church. It is no difference where the charity is located, if it is a worthy object—the pocket-books of the members open instinctively to the call. It is called a “star” congregation; and long may it continue to deserve the compliment!

During the years that we are now considering, great changes have occurred in the society of the country. A heavy tide of emigration has set in, and the people bring with them their pre-

viously-formed religious opinions, and many of them are hostile to what is regarded by all Protestant denominations as orthodox doctrines. The schism in the Baptist Church, caused by the introduction of error through Alexander Campbell and his followers, has greatly demoralized that denomination; and they are themselves, in great measure, responsible for the mischief done, by the undue importance which they attach to water-baptism, and especially to the mode by which it is to be performed. The converts from the old Baptist Church to the new theories of Campbell have swarmed into the country by the thousand, and have contributed very greatly to retard the spread of the gospel doctrine of repentance, faith, and regeneration. Sharp contro-

versies are frequent between these advocates of the easy road to heaven and those still adhering to the old paths; and, as a consequence, the growth of true piety is retarded among the people.

No event worthy of special notice occurred in the family till the death of Mr. Ewing, on the 4th of July, 1841, at his own home in Lexington, Missouri. This event was not unlooked for. During the preceding year, Mr. E. had suffered very greatly from a malady of long standing, and in the midst of the hot weather of summer he was prostrated by another disease peculiar to the season, and died as above stated.

In anticipation of his approaching end, the writer was called on to prepare the last will of the deceased; and

I now recall with pleasure, after the lapse of more than thirty years, the precaution taken by Mr. Ewing to provide for the comfort of those of his servants who were advanced in life. A sum of money was placed in the hands of trustees, to be used only when the beneficiaries became incapable of taking care of themselves. One old man is now enjoying the benefit of that thoughtful provision of his old master.

Mr. Ewing had begun to manumit his slaves many years before his death, and in his last will provided for the full freedom of all the remainder. I mention these facts in this connection simply because they were among the last acts of his life, and they are nowhere else recorded.

CHAPTER XI.



FOR nearly fifty years Mr. and Mrs. Ewing had walked side by side, and with mutual aid and support had breasted the storms of life, had endured the trials, sorrows, and persecutions incident to their position. In the dark and troublous period antecedent to the organization of the Church, all the energies of their natures were elicited to meet the trying emergencies of the hour. They had suffered together all the anxiety and solicitude inseparable from the birth of the infant Church. They had prayed and labored together inces-

santly for the bantling born under their auspices. They had watched its development and rejoiced in its growth with unabated interest for a third of a century. They had assisted in its baptism, and nurtured its tender years with prayers and tears; and they had witnessed together its progress toward athletic and vigorous manhood. They had gone up to the house of God and worshiped at the same altar for more than the life-time of a generation. They had supported camp-meetings, Presbyteries, and Synods for more than thirty years. They had labored together to prepare and qualify for the sacred office numerous candidates for the holy ministry, and had reared, and educated, and sent forth into the world a large family of sons and daughters.

They had performed together all the duties and offices of parents, masters, neighbors, and Church-members, during all this long period. And now they had reached together the margin of the dark, cold river, and one went over, and the other was left behind. What innumerable ties were thus suddenly ruptured and forever broken asunder! How inscrutable are thy ways, O Lord! Why the husband should be taken and the wife left for another thirty years' pilgrimage alone, is the mysterious providence no one can comprehend. The beneficent purpose to be accomplished by this incomprehensible dispensation of the Divine Providence will only be unfolded in the great day.

No one who has not passed through a similar ordeal can appreciate the

depth of such an affliction under such peculiar circumstances. The whole public career of Mr. Ewing was practically a trial before the high court of Christendom, for the part he had taken in setting up another Church organization in the country where there were so many Churches already. He and those associated with him were subjected to continual criticism, generally unfriendly, and often virulent and vindictive. The wife of a man thus situated could not escape the consequences of such an ordeal, even if she would. It had, therefore, become a part of her daily duty, as it seemed to her, to put her own shoulders under a part of the burden. The responsibilities of her husband's position had excited in her mind unabated and inexhaustible solicitude,

and had caused the ties that bound them together to multiply and strengthen with age. They had so long fought the warfare of life together, under the protection of the same Shield, guided by a common motive, and looking forward to the same reward, that a separation, even on the margin of the dark river, was an overwhelming shock to the one left behind. It was long a source of perplexing inquiry to Mrs. Ewing why she should be left when her husband was taken; but in the course of time she bowed submissively to her Master's will, and did not murmur or complain. Thus she soon became reconciled, and took up her solitary march for the remainder of the journey of life. Her prayer was that it might be a short journey and quickly performed. But

God's ways are not man's ways. Her life was protracted for nearly thirty years after the death of her husband, and for much of the time through great affliction and bodily suffering.

The joint labor that she had been so long accustomed to perform with her husband, being now broken up by a dissolution of the marriage partnership, left her in doubt for a time as to what avenue of usefulness might be open to her. The household was broken up, and she could no more take care of the young preachers, or spread her hospitable board for the servants of her divine Master, as they would pass to and fro through the country. She finally concluded, however, that she could speak a word in season, when opportunity offered, both for the gen-

eral cause of Christianity and her own branch of the Church; but, above all, the resource of prayer was left to her. She could make this influence for good as potent as ever; and from that time forward till the day of her death, she never lost sight of the great privilege she enjoyed of praying—not statedly, but very often and on many days, almost constantly—to her Heavenly Father, first for a large supply of grace for herself, and then for her children, and for the Church.

This habit of prayer was one of long standing with her. It was formed with her, and her husband also, in the early days of their life, when their trials and labors were hard to be borne, and when they both realized the necessity of more than mortal help in the work in which

they were engaged. With Mr. Ewing, every thing of any importance whatever became a subject of prayer. If a journey was to be undertaken, a member of the family sick, or any thing transpired out of the ordinary daily course of events, it was always referred to the divine Source of all wisdom for guidance and assistance.

Mrs. Ewing took up her abode, from time to time, with different members of her family. She was then in comparatively good health, and would take her servant and travel extensively to visit her friends and relatives. She made an extended visit to the South, going into several of the States in search of the members of her own branch of the Davidson family. On all these journeys she never met with an accident,

or experienced any thing but kindness from friends and strangers alike.

One whose life had been so active and full of labor could scarcely be content to sit down in idleness. Her long-established habits of industry would allow of no slothful indulgence or ease. She often expressed the opinion that indolence, or laziness, was a sin. She never could conceive how such a character as that could be a Christian. There were several persons of her acquaintance whose habits gave rise to that expression of opinion. She could not tolerate a preacher who was not actively employed in his profession. She had seen so much of the labor and self-sacrifice done by the early preachers of the Church, that she had no patience with a minister who would

preach only when all the conditions about him were favorable. Her theory was, that those who professed to be called to that high office, ought to *seek* and find his field of labor, and not “wait for something to turn up,” Micawber-like, before he would embark in his work.

Notwithstanding she had no household to work for, she was always doing something for others. Her grandchildren claimed a great deal of her loving attention. Some poor, needy preacher was frequently the object of her kindly solicitude; and any aid, by her own work or by other means in her power, that she could afford to him, was cordially rendered. The benevolence of her disposition was not now exhibited for the first time: it was a leading feature of her character throughout her long life.

We have already alluded to the home which she gratuitously furnished to the numerous young preachers who were about the house for nearly thirty years. No characteristic of her life stands out more prominently and attractively than that of her unselfish desire for the happiness of others.

I have frequently heard the unfilial and unchristian remark made by children in reference to their aged parents, that they had outlived their usefulness. Good Christian people never outlive their days of usefulness. The prayers and example of a pious parent are of infinite value to her family and friends, and to the community generally. They are the true salt of the earth. It is the history of the *aged* Christian that demonstrates the true value of religion.

The young Christian may fail in his course, may yield to temptation, and thus bring reproach upon the cause of religion; but the venerable patriarch, who has borne his Christian honor untarnished through the thousand temptations of a long life—who has been victorious in every battle with the arch-enemy of souls—who has illustrated the truth of his profession by a godly walk and pious conversation, through the years of trial, and labor, and hardship—this character *proves*, by the certain light of his long, well-spent life, that there is a blessed reality in the Christian religion which he professes.

When we consider the period of life of any aged Christian who is no longer able, by reason of physical infirmity, to labor actively in the general cause of

religion, we must not therefore conclude that his usefulness is ended. The riper the Christian character, the broader and more mellow the Christian benevolence; the more fervent the devotion, the stronger the faith, and the more beneficent the influence that results from this condition. In regard to the subject of this memoir, I can assert with confidence that, during the last years of her life, long after she became unable to leave her room, the foregoing sentiments were demonstrated by her every day.

In this connection, I extract from Dr. Cossitt's "Life and Times of Rev. Finis Ewing" again, as furnishing his impressions from a personal visit to Mrs. Ewing when she had become far advanced in life :

"The writer visited this venerable

lady in the summer of 1848, and her numerous religious friends and admiring acquaintances will expect to hear something concerning her spiritual state and prospects in her advanced age.

“Mrs. Ewing was then in her seventy-sixth year, but retained in a remarkable degree her native vigor of intellect. She considered herself a miracle of the grace and mercy of God, who, through the instrumentality of one of his faithful servants, had brought her to abandon a dangerous error and embrace the truth as it is in Jesus. Her heart seemed full of gratitude to God that she had been permitted to witness the glorious revival of 1800 and its no less glorious results, something of which she could see and hear every day, and that she had been united with

one who lived only to labor for God and our fallen race, and who afforded her so many opportunities of doing what she could in her humble sphere for the same precious cause. 'I can do nothing now,' she said; 'but it is still my privilege to pray for the Church; and for this I may have been so long spared.' Though her husband had been much from home, engaged in the service of the Church, she praised her Heavenly Father's goodness that no adverse providence, no disastrous event, no domestic affliction, had ever occurred in his absence. It was matter of great joy to her that, with the exception of two, all her children had professed the faith of the gospel; and she seemed to exercise strong faith that God, in answer to the many prayers of which they had been the subjects,

would convert those two unbelieving ones. 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come,' said she; 'then shall I leave this world of sin, sorrow, toil, and pain, and go to my home in heaven, where I shall see my Saviour as he is, and be like him.' One who was present asked, 'Do you not anticipate a joyful meeting with those loved ones who have gone before?' Her answer was, 'O yes; and it will be joyful, but nothing like seeing my precious Saviour. Without him, heaven would be no heaven to me.'"

These extracts will show very clearly that as she glided on down the stream of time, her faith grew stronger and stronger, her confidence never abated, and her anticipations of the reward that awaited her beyond the grave filled her

heart with joy unspeakable. The long years of painful affliction through which she was called to pass were a fiery ordeal, but they purified her spirit and qualified it for the heavenly state to which she was now drawing nigh. "All the days of my appointed time will I wait," was frequently repeated by her during this long period of affliction; and patience and resignation followed naturally from this condition of mind. And so on down to the end did she pursue her earthly journey.

As corroborating the sentiments expressed by Mrs. Ewing in the conversation with Dr. Cossitt, I introduce in this connection a matter recently related to me by Rev. W. B. Farr, one of the devoted ministers of our Church in Missouri. Many years after the in-

terview with Dr. Cossitt, above referred to, Mr. Farr, with his family, called to pay his respects to Mrs. Ewing. After a long conversation on various religious subjects, and after she had repeatedly said that she was often afraid that she did wrong in becoming so impatient in her anxiety to leave the world and go up to her home in heaven, Mr. F. asked her what was her chief motive for wishing to leave the world—was it to get release from her afflictions and personal discomforts, or to meet her friends in the better land? Her answer was to the same purport as given to Dr. Cossitt nearly twenty years before, and that was, that to be released from personal afflictions and to see her friends who had preceded her to their heavenly home, were minor considerations alto-

gether; that the great controlling desire of her heart was to see the Saviour, to be with him and near him, as being the great source of all her hopes of happiness when she should reach her final home.

For many years before her death, her health became very feeble; but her strong, vigorous intellect was scarcely impaired at all till the very evening of her days. She read constantly religious papers and books; but a copy of the New Testament, in large print, lay on her table every day, and was as regularly read as the day came. On account of great deafness and disability for conversation, her only resource was in reading, meditation, and prayer. She constantly looked forward to the day of her final release from all bodily afflict-

tions and earthly cares and disappointments.

She not only anticipated this event, but actually longed for it. The only impatience she almost ever exhibited in these her last days was at what seemed to her the unaccountable delay of the final messenger. But no condition of bodily pain, or other source of anxiety, could for a moment darken the glad prospect of a reünion with her family and friends beyond the river and on the beautiful shore of the better land. Her faith on this score never faltered—it had become permanently strong and buoyant.

And but for that faith and the hope that follows, her life had been utterly desolate. O what is there in all the world to keep the aged and helpless

from sinking down into utter despair, but the Christian's hope that casts out its anchor beyond the dark chasm of death, and takes fast hold upon the banks of the river of life, which flows on forever from the mercy-seat!

The young may and do live without religion, but to the old it is a necessity that nothing else under the sun can supply. With no staff to support the tottering steps down the declivity of time, with no strong arm of deliverance, when the feet touch the cold waters of death, what can the old man do, but sink down overwhelmed in the dark waves that pass over him, and the piteous cry of Lost! lost! is heard for the last time and forever! God help the old people, for no power short of thine will be sufficient for them in

the day that hastens to meet them at their coming!

From year to year Mrs. Ewing lingered on, and the final summons was still delayed. Her prayers for her children, and the Church, and a wicked world, never abated. One or two members of her own family long claimed her special intercessions at a throne of grace. It was her conviction that the chief duty of her life now was to pray for these and others of her children. The hope is not without foundation that all these earnest and faithful prayers have produced their purposed results.

Amid all her afflictions, her spirit rarely became depressed. Christian resignation pervaded all her thoughts, and exhibited itself in all her conduct

during these sad years of her life. A calm serenity, born only of the Spirit of all grace, came over her life, and her pathway on to the end was unobscured by a single cloud touching her own personal destiny. A faith stronger than death surmounted every obstacle and smoothed every rugged place, and finally illumined the end of the road with rays of heaven's own light.

One terrible experience her friends would fain have spared her, if it had been possible. The war raged fiercely all over that part of the State in which she resided; many of her relations and friends were involved in its consequences; the churches were closed, the members scattered to the four winds, the ministers ceased to preach, and

every thing seemed destined to anarchy and ruin. It afflicted her beyond all conception to see such demoralization in the authorities of the land, and in the Churches, and among the people. But she survived this dreadful ordeal, and saw the country once more restored to peace, and the broken altars of the Church once more reëstablished.

During the last years of her life she had her home with her son-in-law, Rev. Robert Sloan; and, during this period, Mr. Sloan was in declining health himself, and the two old people, belonging to different generations, however, sat down together by the river-side, and waited patiently for the final summons, and it came to both very nearly together, though he was called first.

It was wonderful with what tenacity

the frail body still clung to its mortal existence.

The life of Mrs. Ewing had been one of great activity and uniformity of habit, and, in consequence, her constitution had become compact and hardened to a degree that long resisted the assaults of disease and natural decay. Her naturally good physical organization had never been impaired by excesses or dissipation of any kind. With regular habits, even temper, constant industry, and a quiet conscience, she laid the foundation for a term of life that went far beyond three-score years and ten.

It was now nearly thirty years since the death of her husband; and, during all these years, she never neglected for a day what seemed to her the only

remaining duty of her life, and that was to pray for her family and for the Church. Unable to do any thing else, all her ideas of duty seemed to concentrate in this one obligation; and she performed it with a faithfulness and singleness of purpose that has no parallel within my observation. Very frequently, during her last years, she would experience severe attacks of illness, and every one she hoped would be the last, and seemed for a moment disappointed when the danger passed, and the prospect of recovery became certain.

Finally, on the 12th of December, 1868, she realized what had been the desire of her heart for the last twenty years, and her sanctified spirit was released from the crumbling clay tene-

ment which it had inhabited for nearly an hundred years. She was about ninety-five years old when she died, and, in her last moments, she left the most satisfactory evidence to her friends that the religion of her life was all that could be desired in the last supreme moment. There was no mistake as to the grounds of her faith and the object of her hope. She had built on the rock Christ Jesus, and the storms of life for three-quarters of a century had beat upon the house, and it fell not, because it was founded upon the Rock, and even in death it was not shaken. A remarkable and interesting fact was exhibited just before she breathed her last.

For many years before her death, Mrs. Ewing had become very deaf; so much

so, that the only means of communication with her was by writing on a slate. A few minutes before her final departure, her old and wrinkled face, upon which time had written with iron fingers for nearly a hundred years, became smooth and fair—became, as it were, rejuvenated and glorified—her deaf ears were unstopped, and she conversed freely with her friends, hearing distinctly every word they uttered.


It was not merely a calm and peaceful death, but it was a triumphant one. It was a signal victory over the last enemy. And thus qualified and equipped for her heavenly journey, she *swept* through the gates of the New Jerusalem, all washed in the blood of the Lamb. It was a fitting close of the battle of life that had been

so long waged against sin, the temptations of the wicked one, and the weakness and infirmities of the flesh.

To conquer in death is the great mystery of the Christian religion; and but for the death of the Saviour, no such anomalous fact would ever have been presented by dying man.



CHAPTER XII.

N reviewing the life of Mrs. Ewing, among other conclusions, the following may be stated :

Her lot in life demanded great labor, toil, and self-sacrifice ; and we have found that all these were bestowed, liberally and willingly.

Benevolence of character—to work for others, to promote their happiness and welfare, without expectation of reward—was a prominent characteristic.

Great honesty and sincerity in all her dealings with herself and others were manifest. She would not deceive herself, and could not mislead others.

Singleness of purpose in every thing comprehended within the limits of Christian duty she exhibited. She held her eyes fixed upon her duty, as she understood it, and nothing could divert her mind from it.

Fidelity to all her obligations, personal, domestic, and public, she maintained. If there ever was a serious or long-continued failure in any of these duties, it has not come within my knowledge.

She was eminently devoted to the duty of prayer. In all conditions of life, and whatever varying circumstances she may have experienced, daily and almost hourly prayer was her practice, and that was the chief source of her pleasures and consolations.

Great love for her Church and for all

good men and women she felt and cultivated. Her Christian charity was as broad as the human race.

And in the matter of her labors for the benefit of the Church, directly and indirectly, I feel safe in challenging a brighter experience in the life of any woman of the denomination who has lived through the same period of time. Whatever of results may have followed these labors, no estimate can now be made. Her work has been finished, and the record thereof has been made in the courts on high—the judgment thereon will be rendered at the last day. What shall be the character of that judgment we may very well apprehend from the nature of the work itself. To that august tribunal it is now finally remitted.

The lessons that may be legitimately drawn from the developments that we have seen in the life of Mrs. Ewing are mainly addressed to those of her own sex. Some of these lessons may be briefly stated as follows: That in the matter of simple means of usefulness, the sphere of woman is not limited, and that there are a thousand avenues open to her through which she may send forth a healthy and salutary influence for good; that consecration and devotion to duty are needed, rather than an enlargement of woman's sphere; that faithfulness to given, specific duties will always be crowned with important results; that it is preëminently within the prerogative of those who become the wives of ministers of the gospel to give tone and character to their ministerial labors;

that eminent piety is compatible with the duties and responsibilities of the most laborious life; and that, in many of the departments of Church work, women are more efficient than men. These and other lessons that may be derived from the foregoing portraiture are commended to the female readers of this little book throughout the Church.



CHAPTER XIII.



WHAT a vast panorama passes in review before the eye that is an hundred years old! What an infinite variety of objects has passed under its observation! and what a world of varied experiences has occurred in the life of one who has reached that great age! Mrs. Ewing was born before the Revolutionary War with Great Britain. Her recollection of the later events of that war were very distinct. She retained a vivid impression of the sorrow and desolation that came to her father's household when the news of his death was received.

The bloody scenes of that long and exhausting struggle were finally closed. The curtain of history, if not of oblivion, fell upon them at last for all time. Peace blessed the land once more, and Prosperity poured out blessings from her horn of plenty on every hearthstone in the country.

At that period the populated portions of the continent lay between the Alleghany Mountains and the Atlantic coast. Now the Americanized Anglo-Saxon is crowding every other race to the very extremities of the continent. The Mississippi Valley has demonstrated a sufficient capacity to support half the people of the world. A thousand towns and cities have sprung up within the lifetime of a single person. A great commerce, soon to be without a parallel in

history, has arisen out of the industry of the teeming millions who fill the land. The feeble and unorganized colonies have developed into a great and powerful government, commanding the respect of the civilized world. The commercial navy spreads its sails on every sea, and the flag of the nation floats in every harbor of the globe. Numbers, wealth, and power have superseded the few, feeble, and poor. Railroads spread out their Briarean arms all over the continent, and the telegraph girdles the globe. All these great and wonderful events have transpired within the life-time and recollection of one person. What a magnificent drama it is that was produced and acted within the period of a single life! Nor is this all. The most perfect and per-

manent of the forms of government comprehended in the formula—man governing himself—that has come to the pages of history, has been inaugurated within the time indicated. How long this is to remain no human wisdom can foretell. If the people would all become and remain virtuous and wise, the Government would last through all time—till the “end” should be written upon the final page of the world’s history. But it often happens that men, in the strength of an innate meanness and a blind perverseness, will tear down the very temples of their safety, and will ruthlessly trample under foot every safeguard to their prosperity and happiness. There is absolute stability in nothing under the sun that has its origin in the works of men. Nothing but

the religion of Jesus Christ will furnish a history reaching from the day of the crucifixion to the day of the final judgment.

But to return. We have seen that the history of this remarkable and long-extended experience commenced anterior to the War of the Revolution, and that the sad consequences of that war invaded the household of Mrs. Ewing. The same experience extended to and through another war with the same power, in which her son was a soldier and her husband both soldier and chaplain, thus bringing to her hearth-stone again the bloody events of history. Then followed the long period of peace till the little episode with Mexico, and then another long peace till our own unfraternal contest. I call it our own war

because it was *all* our own. What a rich and abundant harvest for history would such a life and such an experience have afforded, if it had been carefully preserved! But Mrs. Ewing never dreamed of contributing one iota to the written history of herself, or of the Church, or of her times. No one in the Church, or out of it, was less ambitious of notice or distinction. She was naturally and religiously humble in all her views of herself and of her family. But the experience of Mrs. Ewing in the matter of religious history is even more remarkable than that which passed through decade after decade of national, material, and political progress.

As already indicated in the extracts taken from Dr. Cossitt's book, the religious condition of the western country,

at the time Mrs. E. came upon the stage of active life, finds apt and fitting expression in the words "a dead formality." There was the form, but not the power, of godliness. Men found a fatal security by connection with the Church, when their hearts were strangers to pardoning grace. But all this was finally broken up by the Holy Spirit, through the instrumentality of a few pious men, who had long deplored the fatal calm that had fallen upon the Church.

A narrative of the great revival of 1800 has been often repeated, but I doubt very much if its true history has ever been written—that is, if the entire scope of its influence, and the results that followed, have ever been fully comprehended and accurately stated by any who have written upon the subject.

Perhaps only the final record of all human affairs will ever disclose all the real facts that grew out of that great event in religious history. At any rate, as a part of the consequences flowing from this great awakening by the Holy Spirit, we see a vast change in the style of preaching by all the evangelical denominations of the country. There is more spirituality, more fervor and earnestness, more eloquence and power, more appeals to the conscience and to the heart, and an absolute demand upon the sinner to repent and believe on Christ. The "glittering generalities" of the old style have been abandoned. Men are, from almost every pulpit, urged to *act*. There is no lulling the sinner into false security by the fatal teaching that the destiny of all

men beyond the grave is irrevocably fixed by the decrees of the Almighty, and that man has nothing to do, and can do nothing whereby his salvation is to be worked out with fear and trembling. If the Presbyterian clergyman believes the doctrines of his standards, he doesn't often preach them, as Dr. McKee, Commissioner from the Presbyterian Church, said of himself in his address to our General Assembly at Evansville, Indiana, in 1872. The truth is, they do not and dare not preach their doctrines, as laid down in their standards, pure and simple.

It is the writer's opinion, however, that this great change in the pulpit performances of the Presbyterian ministers in the South and West is more immediately due to the fact that another class

of Presbyterian preachers was everywhere proclaiming an unlimited atonement and free salvation for all men, exposing with tremendous effect the monstrous and revolting doctrine taught in the standards of the old Church. A fair and honest presentation of those doctrines would cause the mass of the people to turn away with disgust, if not with horror, from such teachings, and thus would the influence and power of that great denomination become limited and broken. If the hyper-Calvinism taught in the Presbyterian standards is scriptural truth, then it ought to be preached from every pulpit in the land, and in the strongest terms our language will afford. God's own truth will never operate to the spiritual injury of one of his creatures. Men should not hesi-

tate to declare it from the house-tops, and on all occasions. No, this doctrine will not bear to be preached on all occasions, and therein it fails when tried by one of the very best tests of any scriptural truth—that is, the advantage to follow from its widest dissemination.

I know one Presbyterian preacher, however, who has the boldness to preach the true doctrines of his Church standards occasionally; and the following effects were produced by one such sermon. Three very well-educated, intelligent young men heard the doctrine of election and predestination preached in a very plain manner by this minister. On their return from church one evening, they called at my room, and their comments on the doc-

trines of the sermon were to this effect: that if the preacher had promulgated the true doctrines of the Scriptures, then they could have no personal agency in their salvation—that if they were to be saved, they would be, in spite of themselves; and if they were to be lost, they would be, because God had so decreed.

These impressions were the legitimate results of such teachings. So far as such influences should operate to control the conduct of these young men, it could only be ruinous and disastrous in the extreme. Men taught to believe that they can do nothing in the matter of their salvation will fold their arms, and wait in fatal security until they are lost beyond redemption. God pity the man who is lost under

the direct teachings and influences of the Church of Christ!

By way of farther illustrating the statement that Presbyterians generally do not press these objectionable doctrines upon the people, I quote an extract from a distinguished literary and theological writer, published many years ago:

“Even in the dark period when this system (Calvinism) was shaped and finished at Geneva, its advocates often writhed under its weight; and we cannot but deem it a mark of the progress of society that Calvinists are more and more troubled with the palpable repugnance of their doctrines to God’s nature, and accordingly labor to soften and explain them until, in many cases, the name only is retained. If the

stern reformer of Geneva could lift up his head and hear the mitigated tone in which some of his professed followers dispense his fearful doctrines, we fear that he could not lie down in peace until he had poured out his displeasure on their cowardice and degeneracy. He would tell them with a frown that moderate Calvinism was a solecism, a contradiction in terms, and would bid them in scorn to join their real friend, Arminius. Such, then, is the power of public opinion that naked, undisguised Calvinism is not very fond of showing itself."

The experience of the subject of this memoir was to witness the general promulgation, from the pulpit of all denominations, of the great fact in theology, that the sacrifice of Christ provided

salvation for all men. How great a change is this from what was the case in the beginning of this century! But especial emphasis is placed on the great change that has taken place within the period referred to in the method of conducting religious services and in the general style of pulpit performances.

A cold, dry, dull sermon *read* from the pulpit was the style previous to 1800. Now, men *preach* everywhere. I was once a student at a Presbyterian college. The president was pastor of the Church in the town, and he was a very able and excellent preacher. He believed in and taught the spirituality of the Christian religion, that its seat was in the heart, and the Holy Spirit its Divine Author. It was the doctrine of the new birth. On one occa-

sion the pastor commenced a protracted-meeting. He preached with great ability, but no special results were visible. He sent for Rev. Laban Jones, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, who lived in the neighborhood.

Mr. Jones was not a very pleasant speaker. He had a little impediment in his speech that, on first hearing him, made an unpleasant impression. The critical taste of a college of educated young men was not satisfied at first, but before many meetings had passed they forgot all about his impediment.

Dr. Young would preach, and Mr. Jones would follow in exhortation and call for the mourners to come forward.

The pastor of the Church and other Presbyterian ministers present coöperated heartily with Mr. Jones in his

method of conducting the exercises at the altar, and the result was a great revival in the college and in the town.

This is only one of many instances that have come under the observation of the writer as to the manner of conducting protracted-meetings now by very many ministers of that Church. I don't pretend to say it is universal in that denomination even in the Western country. One thing I do say: a great change has taken place in their style of preaching and of conducting their meetings—all of which has followed as a legitimate result from the great revival of 1800, chiefly through the agency of the new denomination that was organized at that time. The means by which this agency was brought to bear on the minds of the Presbyterian

clergy was chiefly through the public sentiment of the country. Everywhere that the new preachers operated great results followed their labors—a certain style of preaching and a particular method of conducting their meetings was observed by everybody to be followed with happy results.

Naturally, and almost of necessity, other preachers who labored in the same sections of country would fall into the same channel, and, in order to reach like results, would adopt similar means. And just in the ratio of the change was the degree of their success, and comprehended in that success was the salvation of thousands of precious souls. This is one of the benefits brought to the Church at large and the world by the new denomination.

Then the immediate results following from the establishment of a new denomination came within the experience of the subject of this notice. From small beginnings it grew to be a great matter. From three preachers it increased to many hundreds, and the membership to multiplied thousands. And now it is a power for good in all the States, from Pennsylvania to California.

In the course of my wanderings in the Rocky Mountains, I have several times stood upon the very apex of that great backbone of the continent. I have seen the small rivulet running toward the east, which was the source of the great Missouri River; and I have also seen a similar rivulet flowing to the west, which was the beginning of the mighty Columbia River. I

have followed the course of this rivulet toward the east, and observed, from time to time, an accession to the little stream from some neighboring hill-side, and a little way on another would come in. And so on, continually, until in a broad and beautiful valley the three rivers—the Gallatin, the Madison, and the Jefferson—flow together and form one great river, the Missouri.

Thus I behold the little Church which sprang out of the great moral upheaval of 1800. At first, a little rivulet of pure and spiritual piety finds its way to the surface; it winds its course through the valleys of moral death and desolation; continues to run on, and increases in volume at each stage of its progress; a dead formalism is broken up, and a channel is made for

the passage of the stream of spiritual life that is reviving and nourishing the Churches, and that is surmounting every obstacle in its way, until the happy confluence is reached, and the three messengers of a broader salvation meet and deepen the channel and widen the banks of the great river which floats the ark of universal salvation, and promises a living and active voyage down the bosom of the broad current to the wide but peaceful ocean of eternal blessedness.

From the small beginning of three ordained preachers, we have seen the Cumberland Presbyterian Church come up in little over half a century—within the life-time of one person—to over a hundred Presbyteries, with twelve or fifteen hundred living ministers, and a

membership of one hundred and forty thousand or more. This estimate does not include, of course, the many hundreds of preachers who have finished their work and gone up to their reward, nor the many thousands who have died in the triumphs of a living faith as members of this despised little Church, nor the thousands of others who have been converted through the instrumentality of this agency, and who have connected themselves with other denominations. Judging from what has come under my own observation, this latter class is very numerous, and will continue to be so, necessarily from the very condition of things with which we, as a denomination, are surrounded.


Then let us re-survey the period of

the life comprehended in this memoir, and see if there be not abundant cause for encouragement. And in making this survey, we may read a chapter in the history of civilization and government that has no parallel in all history. We may see that the little tree that was planted in the Valley of the Cumberland has grown to be a monarch of the forest, overshadowing an area that embraces the happy homes of multiplied thousands, stretching out its generous arms in all directions, and inviting to its shelter and protection the fainting and weary of all lands and tongues. As in the shadow of a great rock in the wilderness the world may find protection from the scorching rays of the sun, so under the tree of free salvation may all nations and peoples find shelter and

safety. We may see the gathering, after many days, of the bread that was cast in faith upon the waters. We may see the rich fruits that are produced by the labors of the pious and faithful of all orders and classes of persons, from the talented and gifted minister to the humble and unpretending Christian, whose deeds are perpetuated only in the records of the upper sanctuary. We may see a thousand things to inspire us with courage and confidence in the promises of the gospel. We may farther see that, in the case of Mrs. Ewing, we can safely claim the fact of an accomplished salvation. If the evidence afforded by the three-quarters of a century that comprehended her religious life is worth any thing—if the great solemnity of a dying hour, when

all persons must be honest with themselves and with their friends, will furnish any additional testimony to the fact—we must conclude that there was no doubt as to the all-sufficiency of the religion which she professed. I love to dwell upon this fact, and to draw consolation from it, that if the blood of Christ is sufficient for the final salvation of one poor sinner, then it is ample for the whole human race; and that if he will save one, he may save all. If there is no comfort in this interpretation of the divine economy, then I shall fail to find it anywhere; and if there is any antagonism in the idea of a possible salvation for all to the divine character, as revealed in his works and in his word, then I have wholly failed to see it.

CHAPTER XIV.

HE author cannot close this hasty and desultory sketch of one who was so deeply involved in the matter of the organization of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, without saying a word in behalf of that denomination.

The sympathies of a brave man are always with the weak. There is not a feeling of his nature, or a sentiment of his heart, that will not spontaneously and promptly respond to a call for help from the feeble and oppressed. There is no merit in rendering assistance to a strong arm that can fight its own battles

and make its own way through the world. A generous nature will instinctively hold out its hands to a tottering infant in its first attempts to walk. A great, brawny man will scorn to receive aid, because he can walk alone.

The circumstances that surrounded the early life, and the conditions under which they were brought up, impose special and peculiar obligations upon many persons. These obligations involve considerations of filial affection, religious duty, and personal honor.

Freedom of conscience is not abridged in discharging a hereditary duty, nor in meeting obligations that become incumbent upon us, even without our agency. Every man is born to a part of his destiny, at least; the remainder he makes for himself.

I have known a few persons who were brought up in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, who, after they had seen the world, became ashamed of their association with the little band of earnest Christians with which they were surrounded in their earlier days. They looked at the Church from the standpoint of a business man. They compared it with other old and powerful denominations, and discovered in the new Church a great want of costly church-houses and the trappings of wealth and power that belong to the rich and great; and forthwith they did violence to all the obligations imposed by birth, education, early religious training, and their own views of the doctrinal teachings of the Scriptures, and abandoned the friends of their youth

and the young Church of their fathers, and allied themselves with the old, rich, and powerful.

Christ's kingdom is a spiritual one, and all who are members of that kingdom are one in him.

In the visible Church, the only difference between all true Christians is, that they hold to certain different interpretations of the Scriptures, and worship God in different houses, and, to some extent, with different formalities. If a man is conscientious, he will give his adherence to that formula of Christian faith which he believes the Bible teaches; and the fact that those who believe with him do not worship God in so grand an edifice as others do, should not drive him from their company. A Christian man should be true to himself as well

as to God. He should have the manliness and the courage to do whatever his conscientious convictions point out as a plain Christian duty. A *proud* Christian is an anomalous character; it is unknown to the Scriptures and unrecognized by Christ. No true follower of the meek and lowly Saviour can entertain that sentiment in his heart. Humility is of the very essence of Christianity. Pride and piety are not only as unlike as day and night, but they are actually and irreconcilably antagonistic. The idea that a man is too proud to worship God with his poor and humble fellow-creatures, is a supreme absurdity. All the teachings of Christ and his apostles make especially prominent the idea that men must humble themselves in the very dust of

humility. Indeed, there is no assurance that Christ will bless his followers in any other condition. It therefore behooves all persons who claim to be Christians to examine themselves carefully in reference to this matter of Church relations, and see how much sinful pride has contributed to shape their course in that connection. Human obligations may be shamelessly ignored, but God will have a pure heart in the services of his own sanctuary.

But is it true that the Cumberland Presbyterian Church is a failure? Let us inquire. As a general rule, the value of any given agency is determined by the magnitude of the objects accomplished by such agency. The Scriptures teach us that one soul is worth more than the world, and it follows logically and legiti-

mately that any means employed to bring one sinner to repentance should be esteemed a great thing. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church has been in existence a little over sixty years. It embraces in its communion about 140,000 members. Very nearly all of these were converted through the instrumentalities employed by that Church. We get but few members from the religious meetings of other denominations, because ours is the youngest and weakest of them all; and, by the general law of attraction, large bodies overcome the opposing force of smaller bodies. In this connection it is legitimate to take into the account the number of persons who have died in the communion of the Church. It is impossible to ascertain this with accuracy. We may also consider the great number

of those who have been converted through the instrumentalities of the Church, and who have connected themselves with other denominations. This number is necessarily very large, for the obvious reason that, for the first twenty years of the Church's existence, there were but few persons educated in the faith of the denomination to be brought into the Church, and of course our members were all derived from the families of those who were brought up under other religious influences; and of the great number who were converted at our meetings, many, perhaps a majority, would connect themselves with the Churches of their fathers. Every Church in the vicinity of our denominational work has reaped largely of the fruits of our labor. From all the *data*

before us, then, we may safely say that the direct and positive results accomplished by our despised little Church will approximate to a million of persons who owe their conversion to the instrumentalities employed by our denomination. But this estimate does not present the whole truth in this connection, if we also take into consideration all the diversified influences for good that have been originated and developed by our denomination as such, and by our members as individuals, and the results of which influences have been profitable to others, but scarcely seen or felt in this Church at all. With this meager and imperfect exhibition of the work accomplished by the Church, resulting in the eternal salvation of thousands and multiplied thousands of precious souls, I

challenge all men to the task of computing the value to a wicked world of the agency that has wrought this great work. Will any man in all Christendom say that this work, accomplished in half a century, and springing from such small beginnings, indicates a failure either in design or execution? The man who utters such a thought is willfully blind and wickedly ignorant.

But it is answered that, if this Church had not been organized, other existing denominations might have accomplished all that has been done by us. Let us see: The means by which any influence is established, or the avenues through which it reaches the mind, are purely accidental. They depend upon a thousand contingencies that occur in our every-day life, apparently without inten-

tion or design. Sometimes a single circumstance will give bent to a man's inclinations; at other times a combination of circumstances is necessary to reach him effectually. The families and communities that grew up under the new stimulus given to religious faith and practice by the new denomination, beyond all question acquired a degree and character of influence over each other, and upon those with whom they were surrounded, that no other conditions of religious society then existing could possibly have exercised.

The promulgation of a new religious formula, especially if it passes successfully the ordeal of the severest criticism, will attract the attention and command the respect of great numbers of thinking men who have lived un-

affected and uninterested for years under the religious influences of the old denominations. Thousands of persons, when first made acquainted with the great central idea of our denominational theology (to-wit, a possible salvation for all men and security to the penitent believer in Christ), were ready to embrace it at once—to take the truth to their hearts, repent of their sins, and be converted to Christ. The elimination of that great thought from the theological rubbish that filled the minds of men, was of itself the means of emancipating thousands of minds from doubt and distress on the subject of religion. The new phase thus given to the doctrines of the gospel attracted many to their embrace who had been before repelled by the old theologies. The

new, living thought thus set loose, the new beauties thus exhibited in the religion of Christ, the new ideas elicited in doctrinal discussion, the new views thus brought out in relation to the extent and efficacy of the atonement, each and all contributed to establish new influences whereby men were brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Now, consider for a moment the variety and extent of these new influences; and then consider the infinite combinations of which these same are susceptible, and which will certainly spring out of the multifarious pursuits and associations of men; and then attempt to estimate the number of persons who will be reached under all these various conditions, and ultimately be brought to Christ through these agen-

cies who otherwise would go on down to death unaffected and unobstructed.

I might follow these thoughts into a thousand details, but the space I have allotted myself will not allow it. I have to say, in conclusion, that the man who says that the Cumberland Presbyterian Church is a failure, or that it has accomplished its mission, is grossly ignorant, and is incapable of reaching a clear conclusion by a broad and open road, as he wickedly misstates the plain facts of history. With all the denominations in the land, and with all the diversified influences which they can employ, comparatively but few men become Christians—the world still lies in wickedness, and sinners daily crowd the road to death. Tell me not that any Church organization is a failure that has brought

even one soul to a knowledge of the truth. God employs no agencies for the promotion of his cause that are not consonant with his will; and when he does greatly bless and prosper a given class of means for the promotion of his own glory and the salvation of sinners, we may be satisfied that it is all right, and go forward, each to his own work.

The only apology that the Cumberland Presbyterian Church now needs is: that she has accomplished so little considering the means in her hands; that her energies have not been fully developed, nor adequately employed; that she has suffered herself to become a pigmy upon a pyramid of power; whereas she might have put on the royal habiliments of the giant, and shaken the earth under her tread.

No, her work has not been a failure, but a magnificent and glorious success. Let her fifteen hundred ministers fling to the breeze the banner of the cross, and, with the tens of thousands of her membership, go forward to the contest. Let them recognize the common enemy wherever found, and offer battle on every plain. Let them plant their standards on every hill-top, and hurl defiance in the face of every foe. And thus shall they continue to vindicate our beloved Church before Christendom and the world, and before the great Head of the Church himself.

THE END.





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